

# ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

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## A Cure Without Medicine.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"What is it, Thirza?" questioned Mr. Heywood, as he suddenly glanced up from his morning's paper, and saw the half-formed tears resting on his wife's long eye-lashes.

"Nothing, Sydney; only I was wishing I had a sewing machine, or could never read another word about them. It is so tantalizing! It actually seems as if it was twice as much work to sew up a seam as it was before I knew how quickly they could finish a garment. But I will not be so foolish!" and, with a quick, impatient motion, she brushed off the tears that were now slowly rolling down her cheeks, then gathered up the sheet, and measured with her eye the long hem.

"I do not know what is the matter with me this summer," she broke out again, rather apologetically, as she saw that her husband, though he had turned to his paper, was not reading—only gazing with a saddened look, steadily at one place. "I have no energy, and am ready to cry at any trifle. I hope when the cool fall days come, I shall feel like myself once more. But here come the children from school, and not a dish on the table!" and she hastily threw the sheet on the stand, and hurried around, to prepare the meal.

"Mother! mother!—do untie this knot!—there is something in my shoe! and can't I have a clean apron? I fell down and got this all dirt." "Mamma, we speak pieces this afternoon," chimed in the youngest; "Lara is going to wear her pink dress, and have her hair tied up with blue ribbons, and two roses in each braid, and I want mine just like hers; and oh! ain't dinner almost ready?—I am so hungry!" were a few of the sentences that came disturbingly to Mrs. Heywood, as she dashed up the sauce and potatoes, and pauses to quiet, soothe, and gratify, the tired, restless

little ones. As usual, no call was made on Mr. Heywood to assist, but he, rather singularly for him, called Lottie, the youngest, to him, and rode her to Banberry Cross, in rather an absent-minded way, as if she were a baby, instead of a little Miss, speaking pieces; for the quick, restless steps of his wife, were beating time to rather a sad tune in his heart, and he was listening to it, oblivious of outward surroundings.

The opening of business the previous spring was very gloomy. Wages low, few payments, and everything depressed. It fell rather heavily on Mr. Heywood, for he, the fall before, had expended most of his surplus means in improvements on his little place, thinking to replenish them in the spring; but, count every cent, and manage as closely as possible, a few debts had to be incurred, and left unpaid when due, and they brought such a load, that no one but a perfectly honest, upright man, can feel and weigh. His wife had her in-door burdens, and, with a pang, he thought how often he had added to them, by speaking of outside cares and vexations. He, with his morning, noon, and night's walk, in the fresh, invigorating air, with the cheerful recognition, and laughing sally and joke of passing acquaintances, and the bustling activity of his work, that occupied his mind, to the present exclusion of all disturbing thought; and she, with the ceaseless routine of housework, that filled her hands, and left her mind free to brood over any subject. With no love for gossip, and the self-denial of her loved periodicals—because too poor this year to subscribe for them—she had worked on, uncomplainingly, without recreation, and here was the result. A wife and mother, kind, loving and cheerful, with a heart overflowing with strong desires for her family's best welfare, and cultivating the best impulses of her soul, to be worthy to be their guide, beginning to sink down weary,

ere a snowy thread mingled with the glossy brown of her hair. This question came startlingly to him—"How would he like to stand by her, as he saw his cousin stand by his wife, a month back, and see the closed eyes, and folded hands, and the white muslin shroud, rustled by no soft breathing below it, and turn away, with his little motherless children, and a great void in his heart, that seemed like an uncovered grave."

This time, he wiped away the tears, as he hid his face on Lottie's curls, and his voice took a tenderer tone than had modulated it for a long time, as he offered to lift out the table, then helped seat the hungry, impatient children, and assisted them to food, instead of leaving it all for his wife to do, as he too often before had selfishly done.

It was a beautiful June day, and a thin, gauzy veil of clouds covered the sky, and softened the hot rays of the sun, and a gentle breeze dallied with the leaves and flowers, and wafted fragrance to every breath. A break in the machinery had given Mr. Heywood, for the first time since early spring, a leisure day, and why could they not have a ride that afternoon? Thirza had not been in a carriage for six months. No sooner thought of, than it was planned. The children could easily walk the mile to his father's after school, and they could go round that way, stay to tea, and bring them home.

"What do you say, Thirza, to a ride this afternoon? I have a little business down to the lake, and intended to walk, but I guess we can afford such a treat once more."

It was almost childish, the light that welled up into her eyes, and glad start of surprise, and then its dying away in disappointment, as she queried—"But the children, Sydney?"

"Let them go to their grandpa's. Mother was complaining on Tuesday, how lonesome it was since Charlotte left for school. She threatened to have all the children up there at vacation. I declare I felt sorry for her, when she said to me, 'Sydney, just think, if you had had your house filled for thirty years with eight children, and then have one after another go, till there was no one left but Thirza, I guess you would not know what to do with yourself more than I do;' and she actually cried like a child. I felt like crying, too, though I tried to laugh her out of it. How many cats do you think I counted in the wood-shed?"

"Oh! three or four."

"No less than eight; and most of them full

size. Mother said they were all the company she and father had evenings, and she would not have one killed."

"It is too bad that I have not been down this summer, but to tell the truth, I actually have not felt as if I could walk there, though I would hardly own it to myself, trying to think it was because I could not leave my work."

This was another confession of the weakness that had come to her—she, who always before, could easily walk her three miles.

"Well, you'll go, Thirza!—how long before you can be ready?"

"Within an hour. It will not take me long after the children are gone."

"Wear your shaker, and some thick shoes!" came in through the open window, with the shutting of the gate, as her husband paused a second in his search for a carriage, at the thought of women's proclivity to display best things, to the serious detriment of those rarer pleasures, perfect freedom, and careless enjoyment—"We may have a ramble before we return."

It seemed a great affair, leaving the house entirely alone, and Mrs. Heywood went back from the gate, to try the door for the second time, to know that it was really locked; then around to the kitchen window, to mount up on some boxes, to look over the low curtain, and see that the stove was shut up tight, for, as she said to her husband, she could not take any comfort if she did not feel satisfied that the fire was all safe.

The horse was a good one, and carried them up the hills, and down into the valleys, with a speed that was exhilarating. Glimpses of the blue lake, dotted with white sails, was caught now and then, through the foliage, and a river running close by the road, sometimes broad, and tufted to its very edge, then deep and narrow, and hid by the overhanging willows, turned at last, and crossed their way in one of the shadiest, most romantic nooks imaginable. It was but the work of a moment for Mr. Heywood to jump out, let down the carriage-top, and with a "Come, Thirza," lift her to the ground. The horse was made fast to the lowest branch of a sycamore, and they wandered down the steep ledge, till it lost itself in a smooth, broad platform, with a background of high, moss-grown rocks, and the gurgling, singing, sparkling water in front.

It was quite lover-like, Sydney's climbing the rocks, to gather some of the wild flowers that trailed down from the top, at Thirza's merely wondering what they were, and his

laying them, with a few glossy, green leaves, in her hand; and she found herself, almost involuntarily, folding them between some paper to press, and lay beside some *precious* ones, given her years before—the night he first told her she was dearer to him than all on earth beside. Dearer to him than all on earth beside! How often, through the long months back, when he had come in from his work with a clouded brow, and indifferent air, and no sympathy expressed, by word, or action, no matter how tired or dejected she was, had she wept bitter tears over doubts of his love, and, like the blue sky and broad sunshine to the storm-tossed mariner, so came these endearments to the waves of distrust that had swept over her soul.

"I wish we had come in the morning, Thirza!" told how pleasant the moments had been to him, as she tied on her bonnet, and rose to go, and each happy throb of her heart refreshed the words.

A half hour later, and the lake, in all its changing beauty, was spread out before them. The waves came slowly rushing in, and broke upon the sands in wreaths of foam, and each one chanted its death-song, in dirge-like music. Farther out, the waters looked bright and flashing, as if each drop was a pearl, and had a ray given it, to flash back a perfect flower of light. The white sails fluttered, and swelled in the breeze, and skimmed the water, as if fairy birds, and the clouds hung above all in graceful festoons, as if looped up by a finger, whose every movement was perfect grace. It was a scene so calm, yet so changing—so active, yet so peaceful, wave after wave rolling in, monotonous, yet birthing new pleasure every time, and, like an invisible cord, binding the sight, that requires an effort of the will to break asunder. So they felt, as they took the good-night look, and started on their homeward route.

Mr. Heywood's mother, with clean, checked apron, and sleeves rolled up, out of the way, stood in the open doorway, ready to receive them, and, after laying aside Thirza's things, led the way into the light, airy kitchen, to the supper table. Father, with little Lottie in his lap, and hand on her head, as he bowed his head to ask a blessing, as if asking a dearer one on her, helped them all bountifully to strawberries and cream, and large slices of honey, almost as white as the table-spread, and laughed, and chatted, and told stories to Thirza, about Sydney, when he was a boy, till she found herself with a smile

on her lip, as merry as in the months ago. Altogether, it was a pleasant time, as they, after the meal, all wandered out to see how the Antwerps were flourishing, and the egg-plums like emeralds, clustered six or eight in a place, and the long row of black-heart cherry trees, one for each grandchild, were thrusting up their branches as symmetrically, as if growing by rule and line. "But little Lottie's eyes were almost shut up," so grandpa said, after he had carried her in his arms all over the garden, and they turned back to the house, and, with a gentle rebuke in their ears for not coming oftener, and an accepted apology, and promise not to do so again, they passed out of the old gate, made dear by a thousand memories, and into the still twilight, to their own home.

That drive, with its pleasant associations, did not pass away with the day, no more than the power of receiving pleasure vanishes with the first gazing on the beautiful picture given to our parlor walls. It was framed in their hearts, and became a thing of joy, and reflected bright tints over many an hour, that necessarily, in this care-laden world, takes to itself hues of gloom.

It is a true axiom, make the mind sick, and the body will become so too; and also the opposite, make the mind well, and health will leap along the veins. Thirza did not have to wait for the cool, fall days, ere she felt like her old self once more; but she kept her own secret, and only gave a quiet smile, when she heard her husband recommending, as a sovereign remedy for all the ills women are heir to, a drive of a dozen miles or so, about the country.

BEEBA, OHIO.

A QUAKER'S WIT.—Mr. Dillwyn's son told me that his father, in his younger days, was in a stage-coach with a party of military officers. One of them, a pert, effeminate young dandy, undertook to quiz the plain Quaker, and, after some indifferent jokes, asked him, at an inn where they stopped, to hold his sword for a minute, supposing he would consider it an abomination to touch it. Mr. Dillwyn, however, eyeing the young man from head to foot, said—"As I believe from thy appearance it has never shed blood, and is not in the least likely to do so, I have not the smallest objection."

PURSUER what you know to be attainable, make truth your object, and your studies will make you a wise man.

## "Blessed."

BY HELEN A. ISERMAN.

*"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."*

Dreary, dreary, dreary! I was crouching down before the window in a cold room, and was looking out upon a scene of rare beauty when summer smiled upon it, and even now, as I looked over the vast prairie all robed in white, it was beautiful, very beautiful; but it was a cold, cheerless, glittering beauty, that chilled my heart. A shroud, covering desolation and death; and that afternoon I was feeling wretched, lonely, weary, and through my heart, echoing dismally in its every recess, came up to my lips the words, dreary, dreary, dreary! Then I walked backwards through life, with sad thoughts for company. It was rather a gloomy path that led to the past, and one that I seldom trod, and it was almost overgrown, yet I parted the tangled masses of dark weeds and came upon a few bright spots where the sun had shone, and where bloomed bright flowers whose fragrance thrilled my heart like the echoes of some old cathedral psalm.

My earliest memories were shrouded in darkness, the thick darkness following my mother's death, and then, before my darkened eyes were lighted, my father also was folded in the same cold, dread embrace. Thus early in life I came in contact with life's rough edge, and my tender feet began to tread the thorny path, for I left my childhood's home and went to live with an uncle who had been appointed my guardian. How I pity every lonely, sensitive, motherless child, living among strangers, without love, without sympathy, without appreciation! And oh! how often did I exclaim, "Mother, oh, mother, why did they not bury me with you!" but only a dull, sad echo came to that little cry, and life dreary and lonely was before me. \* \* \* \* School days! My heart leaps at the words, for then a new life dawned within me. How I loved to study: what new countries I discovered in fancy, and how I peopled them with beings of my own fashioning. No selfish, heartless, unkind person could dwell there; none gross, nor unrefined, but all pure, kind, intellectual beings, and with them I talked, and wept, and smiled. Oh! bright, happy days, why were ye so soon gone? Time, why didst thou snatch them from me so hurriedly? Why did the days of womanhood dawn so early upon me? but with that knowledge came also the knowledge of freedom.

I was rich; I hardly know whether that knowledge gave me pleasure or not, but I think it did. The dawning of those days was very beautiful; rosy tints foretold a bright day; my dream-land became more and more beautiful. New beings, unselfish, generous, noble, *manly* beings were added to the inhabitants thereof, and at length came a dream, bright, glowing, blissful, as it comes to every maiden with the knowledge that she is beloved by one her heart has chosen. Edward Howell, how vividly does your handsome image rise before me now; and I loved you! He was very handsome, very polished, well educated, in fact possessing every quality to win a woman's heart, and whatever he lacked I, in the fulness of my love, supplied. My imagination decked him with every virtue; in my heart I erected a shrine away in its holy of holies, and kneeling down I worshipped my idol, a creature of my own fashioning. Well, I awoke from that dream.

I was riding in one of the public omnibuses late in the evening. I had been out shopping, and was later than usual in getting home; so I took the first one I saw, which at that hour was almost filled with gentlemen returning from business. My veil was down, and twilight was gathering rapidly. As I took my seat I recognized Edward Howell, but he did not know me. As we approached the upper part of the city the stage gradually became vacated, until only Edward Howell and a young man, his companion, an old man and myself, were the occupants. Presently my heart stood still, for Edward Howell's companion said to him,

"Ed., they tell me you are really going to marry Mary Potheir. Do tell me, is it so? have you any such intention?"

"Why not, my good fellow; she has plenty of the needful."

"And is that your only reason?" asked his friend.

"What other reason could I possibly have," was the reply. "I could not endure her ugliness were it not so glittering."

Here both burst into a laugh.

"But," said the other, "I am told she is quite literary in her tastes; very enthusiastic, and all that."

"Oh, yes," with another outburst of mirth, "decidedly so. Nearly bores me to death with her authors, poetry, dreams, flowers, sentimental, oh, bah! and above all, and that is best for me, so verdant, she thinks me her slave; has boundless faith in all mankind; but I tell you, old fellow, it's a bore,



decidedly so. I must hurry over these preliminaries."

I waited to hear no more. I pulled the strap violently, the driver stopped, I handed him my fare, raised my veil, and looking Edward Howell full in the face, with a bitter smile on my lip, I wished him "good evening" and left the stage.—His look of blank astonishment and dismay filling me with strange pleasure. I believe at that moment I could almost have taken his life. And with such bitter, passionate thoughts I went home, took off my bonnet, lighted the gas burners and stood before the mirror. My face was pale as marble, my eyes glittering, my lips compressed. I felt that I was plain, very plain, "poor, weak, fool that I have been!" but the dream had broken. With one rude grasp I wrenched the idol from my heart, and instead of bowing down to Him, the God I had forgotten in my blind idolatry, I turned to the world, and tried, oh, so hard, to be the worldly, heartless being I wished to become—and I was succeeding. I stifled the still small voice that so tenderly called me from the storm of passionate grief that swept over me, and that had been calling me all my life from my mother's grave, and heedlessly rushed on, regardless of its goodness and compassion. I had wealth, and that brought with it power. How sweet this knowledge was to me. And for awhile I went triumphantly on, using my power to its utmost, when riches took to themselves wings, and I was left standing alone with never a friend; for they all fled. I knew they would, and I watched their flight with bitter smiles, and then turned to the life before me. I looked back upon the past two years of my life with a sickening shudder, for I had not made God my friend then, and I feared to turn to Him now. But, still I heard that tender voice, clearer, sweeter, louder than ever; for the proud heart was humbled now and its ragings stilled; and lifting up my dull eyes I saw the Crucified one with outstretched arms, inviting me in sweetest tones, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And with tears of penitence I went and found rest for my soul. And as I knelt before Him, methought I heard Him say, "Peace I leave with you, my peace give I unto you, not as the world giveth," and binding this precious legacy to my heart I went on my way.

Then came days of weary toil and endurance, and my heart sometimes fainted; but light beaming from the lovely face of that Crucified one shone upon me, and I hugged still closer

the precious gift He had given me and went on my way, growing stronger in spirit. After awhile my path led towards the setting sun, and I became a stranger in a strange land. I went westward, because I wanted to teach, and I knew teachers were needed there. And I found no difficulty in obtaining a school, in which I soon became very much interested. To have charge of so many youthful beings, with power to mould their young minds, was a thought that weighed heavily upon me, and sent me more frequently to the Great Power of strength to obtain the help I needed. Life was not so lone and dreary now, for I had an object to live for.

One evening, after school, I went as usual to walk. These were hours of real happiness to me. Unrestrainedly I wandered through the woods, and clambered among the rocks, gathering flowers and talking with them, for they had very sweet voices to which I loved to listen, and that lovely evening in spring I felt more than usually happy. The beauty surrounding me filled my heart, and with deep, holy joy within I sat down. Presently I was startled by a peculiar voice addressing me.

"Been gathering flowers, ah! Good evening," and the owner of the voice and of this singular salutation held out his hand. I did not know whether he wanted my hand or my flowers. I extended both, and he took the flowers and seated himself beside me. He was a tall, handsomely formed man, but I thought his face very disagreeable, besides I felt annoyed at the intrusion. I knew who he was. I had frequently heard of Col. Creighton, and felt in a moment that this was him. He was a bachelor, about forty years old, noted for eccentric manners; generally disliked for his pride and exclusiveness, as he was admired for his remarkable talents and intellect. I had heard much of him, and had formed no very favorable opinion of him. His residence was very near my school; indeed, he had been the originator of the school, but was absent from the place when I came to it. He always spent his winters East, they told me. At length I ventured to remark that it was a "fine evening," to which he made no answer. My lips were sealed then, and I was beginning to feel more annoyed than ever, when he remarked as abruptly as before,

"You are the school teacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you think of this wilderness?"

"I think it very beautiful."

"You do!" in a tone of astonishment, "es-

pecially these rocks?" he added. I thought I detected a slight tone of sarcasm in his voice, so I made no reply.

"I wish he would go," I said, impatiently to myself, but he showed no signs of moving, so at length I arose, it was growing late, and I began to feel uneasy.

"It is getting late," said I, "I must go home;" and I left him sitting there, for he made no answer, and I went home, thinking that Col. Creighton was certainly the most eccentric being I had ever met, and hoped I would not meet him again very soon; but there certainly was a fate in it, I never could go out without meeting him, and he always treated me in the same manner, not with any disrespect, he was always gentlemanly, but so strangely; at length I became used to it; but a feeling of dislike towards him grew up in my heart. I began to stay at home, giving up my delightful rambles because I always met him, and I did wish he would go back East and leave me my freedom again. He frequently went to neighboring towns and remained for days, and then I made good use of his absence.

I was returning from one of these stolen excursions late one evening, laden with flowers, my bonnet on my arm and a wreath of flowers on my head, when I suddenly caught sight of Col. Creighton. He was leaning on a fence at the rear of his residence, with his back towards me. I involuntarily stepped lightly, thinking to escape him, and had just passed him, when, without turning his head, he called me. Like a culprit I went to him, forgetting my singular appearance, and wishing myself anywhere but in his presence. He held out his hand.

"I have not seen you for some time."

"No, sir."

"Come, take a seat," and leading me to a pile of logs he seated me, and then seated himself beside me.

"A flower nymph," was his first remark, looking at me with a comical smile. I remembered my appearance and raised my hand to my head, and took the wreath from it. I was about to throw it upon the ground, my face burning with vexation, when he took it from my hand.

"You love flowers?" his voice was changed, it was no longer sarcastic.

"Very much," I ventured to say; and then he told me of his residence once in a land where flowers bloom continually. I looked up in astonishment. I could not believe the same voice was used in speaking, the whole face was changed. I do not think I ever listened

with such delight to any one as I did that evening. Such stores of knowledge, rich and varied. I felt that I had caught a glimpse into his inner soul, and with feelings of reverence, and a sort of fascination I listened until the sun went down and the shadows grew dark. I think he had almost forgotten who he was talking to, for presently he paused; his face resumed its old expression; his voice its slight tone of sarcasm; and I arose and left him without saying a word.

I went home that night thinking very differently of Col. Creighton; my dislike had changed to admiration. We got on a little better after that, and many talks we had together, each revealing new beauties in his exalted mind. Yet poor man, I almost pitied him, so entirely devoid of companionship and appreciation he seemed. I was becoming very much interested in Col. Creighton; he was a wonderful study for me throughout that summer. Early in the spring, when he came from the East, he had brought some young fruit trees with him, which he nursed with the greatest care. The season was very dry, and he used to carry water with his own hands to water them. He was obliged to leave home for a few weeks that fall, and said to me,

"I am afraid my trees will suffer during my absence."

A few nights after his departure, a bright moonlight night, I went out, and some feeling, I know not what, led me to those trees. They looked slightly withered, and the ground around them was parched and dry. I felt sorry for the poor trees. "They must not die," said I to myself, so I went over to the school-house, got a pail and carried water from the spring to water them. This I did every night, persuading myself that pity for the drooping trees alone actuated me,—not because Col. Creighton valued them. I took great pleasure in this, it made me strangely happy; but I thought I would not have him know it for the world. I used to wait for moonlight, and soon it grew almost too late. I felt half afraid to go, and had concluded this should be my last night, when a thrill ran through my frame, a strange, undefined sensation, that came over me and always foretold his presence. I raised myself from the tree I was watering, and there he was beside me. His horse was standing at the gate. I saw it all; he had returned that night and had caught me. My first impulse was to drop the pail and run; but he only held out his hand and said,

"Have you no welcome for me?"

I gave him mine, and stammered out, "I thought it such a pity for the poor trees to die."

"I am glad you took pity on them," said he, gravely, and there I stood, trembling like a guilty culprit, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that the trees had all died before I had seen them. Not that I had any other motive in attending to them, than pity for them, but what would he think? These and many other thoughts rushed through my mind, as I stood there before him in the moonlight.

"Are you not afraid to be out in the night so late," said he.

I answered him "no," with truth, for I thought of *Him* who created the night.

"No," he repeated, with a little surprise in the tone. I looked up in his face and I thought his eyes were full of tenderness as he bent them on me, and I answered solemnly,

"He who made the night will watch over us in the darkness as He does in the day," and as I said this the tenderness went out of his eyes, and he turned them from me, and a cold, hard expression came over his face, and he let go my hand, and I went away sad and grieved.

I had felt this slightly before, this want of religious sentiment in my friend, for such I was learning to consider him, but never until that night had it so forcibly struck me. The next Sabbath I was sitting in the school-room reading the Bible, when some one knocked at the door, and before I could rise to open it, Col. Creighton entered.

"Oh, isn't this a glorious day?" said he. "Get your bonnet. I have brought the buggy, and we will have a fine ride. I want to take you to see the prairies."

My heart leaped at this, but only a moment, for I answered,

"I cannot go."

"Why not?" he asked, impatiently.

It was hard to answer truthfully to that proud, stern man, but I said firmly, "Because it is the Sabbath."

Again that cold, hard expression passed over his face, and he mockingly repeated my words, "Because it is the Sabbath."

"Nonsense, Mary, get your bonnet and come."

I shook my head, and without another word he turned and left the house. I was glad for the strength to do right, but I felt sick at heart, for I thought I had seen tenderness in his eyes for me, and my heart responded to that tenderness; but now, I knew that a barrier would rise between us, and for a moment my

heart rose in rebellion. But again, the image of the Crucified one rose before me, and His precious legacy, *peace*, stole closer within my heart. If there was no joy for me on earth, I still possessed a rare gift, which "earth could neither give nor take away." I did not see Col. Creighton for some weeks after this, and then, I heard that he was very sick. And when I thought of him alone, and suffering, my heart ached. Now I pitied him; I knew he was wretched, for with all his knowledge and riches and talents, he was without the only knowledge really worth having, and poor, oh, so poor, for he had none of the heavenly treasures. I wished, oh, so much, to go to him, to comfort him, to tell him of the reality and preciousness of these things, but dared not go. Our whole acquaintance had been very unconventional, and I knew that he would not think strangely of me if I went. I was restless and uneasy, and at length resolved to go.

I went with a trembling heart; but it quite failed me when I got there, and so I merely inquired how he was, and was going away, when the servant called me back, and told me that her master wanted me, and she took me to his room and left me alone with him.

"So you were going away without coming in to see me," he said, somewhat reproachfully.

"I wanted to come, but—but"—

"But what?" said he.

"I did not know whether I ought to or not."

"Didn't know whether you ought to," he mimicked me, "of course you ought to. Now seat yourself in that chair; there, where I can see you. First, get a book; I want you to read to me. It is delightful to hear any one's voice in this room besides my own, which isn't always as pleasant as it is now. I've been cursing this confounded illness more than once; but now you've come to see me I want to do it again," (seeing my shocked face, for I was shocked at the idea of his cursing, although I believed him,) "if you'll promise to come and read to me every day. Say, will you promise me?"

"You ought to have a better reason for resignation than that," said I, as I walked to the book case to get a book. My eyes first rested on a Bible. I will read from that, said I, mentally, and taking it I went back to the bed, and began to read. I expected he would stop me, but he did not. He lay quietly listening until I looked up; his eyes were closed, and a soft and gentle expression rested upon his face. I thought he was asleep,

and taking my bonnet, was stealing quietly away, when, without opening his eyes, he said,

"Are you going, Mary? Be sure you come back to-morrow."

I went the next day, and the next, and every day, until he was well enough to go out; every day I read to him from the Bible to which he never objected, only once he said,

"You'll find it hard work to convert me, Mary. I am an old sinner." But I felt encouraged, and oh, how earnestly did I pray that he might indeed become a Christian.

The autumn was rapidly passing away, and the time for the closing of my school was approaching, and I was wondering where next I would turn my wandering steps. I had not seen Col. Creighton for a number of days, and was thinking of him, when he knocked at the door. He knew I was glad to see him, so he came in and seated himself beside me, and we talked together for a long time, when, after a pause, he said,

"I am going away to-morrow; going East, to spend the winter." My heart sank then, but I answered,

"So soon?"

"Yes, to-morrow. Mary, you didn't know that I had a sweetheart, did you?"

"No, sir," with my eyes cast down.

"Well, I have. Mary, do you think she loves me?"

"She ought to," was my truthful reply.

"Well, Mary, I think she does. Do you think I can make her happy, Mary?"

I could scarcely answer before he went on.

"What are you thinking of me, Mary, tell me?"

I was thinking of him; I was looking away down in those inner chambers of his soul, and thinking that I would call her *blessed* who was privileged to tread those sacred galleries all so richly adorned with knowledge, and filled with love, for I knew that there were great depths of tenderness and love in his soul, in reserve for some one, and I told him what I thought, and as I told him his eyes shone with such floods of love, that I was dazzled, and turned my eyes away, for I thought of her, the beautiful and gifted being, whom alone I thought worthy of such an one as Col. Creighton.

"You would call her *blessed*, Mary," and his voice was full of sweetness, and my heart leaped for a moment, for I thought he *connected* the names; but he said no more, and when he spoke again, he said,

"Good bye, Mary. You must be here to

welcome me when I return," and with these words he left me, and when he left the room I felt as though the sunshine had left also, and that it was night. And he left, and I have not seen or heard from him since. My school was over. I could not get another then, and so I was obliged to turn to my needle for means of livelihood, and that is how I came to be seated at the window looking out on the prairies.

My present home was very pleasant. The word did not sound like mockery to me, for it was really a *home*. In it I had found kindness, sympathy, and love, and I felt thankful to Him, who had so tenderly led me to it, just when my heart so needed soothing. Yet I felt dreary, dreary, dreary, as I looked out of the window, for I was thinking of Col. Creighton. The winter was nearly over, and I had not heard one word from him. I was glad I would not be there when he returned with his bride, for I knew it would make me more wretched to see her. I felt how I could love such a man as Col. Creighton, unworthy of his love as I was, for I saw him towering away above me in his giant intellect, but I closed my eyes from so sweet a picture, and thought as I looked over the cold, snowy landscape, that such was and would be my life here. \*\*\*

I was sitting by the same window, in the same room; the snow had disappeared, and the prairies were brown, and more cheerless than when covered with snow; but, as I looked out the whole scene was transformed to sunlight, beauty, and joy. In my soul was a jubilee: the winter was over and gone. The time of the singing of birds was come, and my heart was a garden in spring, for I held in my hand a letter which I had just received from Col. Creighton, and thus it read:

"MY BLESSED MARY—Do you think I have forgotten you? It was wrong in me to go away from you when I longed to fold you to my heart, and when I felt that it would be sweet for you to nestle there. Mary, do you remember when you said you would call the woman I took within my heart, *blessed*? Well, I call her *blessed* too—*Blessed Mary!*—for you have been a blessing to me. Do you remember when I was sick how you used to come and read to me, from a certain volume which required a great deal of courage to read to a *scolding infidel*. Don't start, Mary, for when I met you I was all that, not professedly, but at heart. But, Mary, I had a Christian mother, and your sweet voice as you read to me led me back to those days of my youth, and awakened my slumbering soul, and it found no rest until



it rested at the foot of the cross. And now, Mary, will you be my wife? for my heart is all yours; you have stolen in there, and taken full possession. I shall be at home in two weeks, for my eyes are hungry to see you, Mary.

WILLIAM CREIGHTON.

And it was these precious words that danced to such sweet melody in my heart. He has come, and I have been folded to his heart. We have stood together before God, and vowed to live for each other, and Him, and he has called me wife, and with every heart throb I exclaim, "Thank God, thank God."

VARIETY GROVE, Mo.

## A Word to the Girls.

BY E. L. B.

It seems to me that modesty is woman's crowning virtue. She may be beautiful as an houri, intelligent, witty, agreeable in conversation, but if she be pert or forward, she is a richly tinted flower, without sweetness. However it may flatter his vanity, no young lady will be the more esteemed by a young gentleman, for placing herself voluntarily in a position to attract his attention, or throwing herself unnecessarily into his society. He would appreciate much more the delicacy of feeling which would prompt her to let her society be sought.

I have a young friend, who is rather pretty, and very engaging in her manners; but she has an over-fondness for the company of the other sex, which plainly shows itself whenever any of her male acquaintances happen to be present. On one occasion, she, and a number of other ladies, were spending an evening with me. Quite late, Mr. S. called, having but a short time to remain, as he had a subsequent engagement. Madge, my friend, had met him once or twice, and immediately engaged in a lively conversation. As the ladies had no escort, and a considerable distance to walk, it was high time they should retire, and prepared to do so. Still Madge lingered, assigning various pretexts, till her company became impatient, and she was forced to bid good-night. After their exit, I seated myself to have a cosy chat with Mr. S., who was an intimate and confidential friend, when, to my utter surprise, all the ladies rushed into the parlor, Madge leading the way, exclaiming, she was "nearly frightened to death." Seeing astonishment depicted upon our countenances, she endeavored to attribute her return to the other

ladies, saying she "was not at all afraid, but hearing the cry of 'fire' raised down the street, the rest precipitated a retreat;" while they retorted that "she was the first to propose returning." Her reason was too plainly seen to be misconstrued, and Mr. S.'s face slightly flushed, as he remarked—"Miss Madge, I should cheerfully offer you my services, were it not that I have to leave town at eleven o'clock, and should not have time to go with you, and reach the depot by that hour." He knew Madge was a fearless girl, and had repeatedly gone alone the whole distance, at as late an hour, so he felt she had returned apparently in fright, in the hope of obtaining his escort. No remark was made by either of us after their departure, but I saw by his countenance, Madge had fallen in his esteem.

Girls, if a gentleman does not offer you his escort, do not, by action, word, or look, seek it; of course, I mean under ordinary circumstances. No, girls, don't do it. You may lay your plans with consummate art, and exhibit a great deal of skill in your manoeuvres, but rest assured, men are not blind; their eyes can penetrate the cobweb tissue, and discern the motive lurking beneath; and indelicacy, however slight, disgusts.

I recently formed the acquaintance of a beautiful girl; and, being very fascinating, I was growing quite interested in her, as we were engaged in conversation at an evening party, when she suddenly spoiled the good impression she had made, by asking me if I was acquainted with Miss M., an intimate friend of hers. On my replying in the negative, she said—"Come, I'll give you an introduction." Quick as a flash, I comprehended her motive, which was to become acquainted with the gentleman on whose arm Miss M. was leaning. As she had already risen, and I could think of no excuse quickly enough to detain her, there was no alternative but for me to submit. A haughty bow from Miss M. plainly showed she also understood her object, and she did not introduce her gallant. To relieve the embarrassment of all parties, I offered my arm to my young friend, and proposed a promenade. When we were out of hearing, she avowed her intention was to obtain an introduction to Mr. P., of whom she had heard Miss M. speak in high terms. It really shocked me to think any lady could so far forget her dignity, as to perpetrate so gross an act of immodesty; and yet how many do just such things every day, and scarcely regard them as

improprieties! I would not have a lady bound down by every conventional form; but, where true delicacy of feeling exists, it will manifest itself in a corresponding modesty of deportment, which elevates, instead of demeaning. If you cannot obtain attention, girls, without being forward, rather remain unnoticed; for pertness will lower you in the estimation of those very ones by whom you wish to be esteemed.

## Nothing but Money.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A dead calm followed this scene of contention between Lydia and her husband. One week, two weeks, glided away, and, sure enough, Adam had not heard the word money issuing from the lips of his wife—nor, in fact, many other words. She moved about, when he was at home, in a silent, gliding, ghost-like way, that struck him as unnatural. When he spoke to her, she usually answered without looking at him. If her eyes rested in his, their expression caused an uneasy feeling to creep through his mind.

"We'll see how long this will last," expressed Adam's thought and purpose. "A thing worth having, is worth asking for." So, money was not offered to Lydia.

One day, early in the third week of this new order of things, as Mr. Guy sat in his counting-room, talking with a merchant on business, a black man came in, and handed him a note.

"Good morning, Abe," said the merchant, recognizing, in a kind way, the black man.

"Good mornin', Massa Williams," returned the negro, respectfully.

"What's this?" asked Mr. Guy, knitting his brows, and speaking sharply. He had opened the note, and read—

"Due Abe for Whitewashing, - \$5.

"LYDIA GUY."

"Missus giv it to me, sir. I'se done de whitewashin'."

"Didn't she pay you?" demanded Guy, not clearly understanding what the due-bill meant, and exposing to the merchant-friend more than he found at all pleasant to think about afterwards.

"Oh, no, Massa Guy. She say, take dat to Massa, and he'll pay. The whitewashin's all done fust-rate Massa Guy!"

"Why didn't you wait until I came home this evening? What did you call here for?"

said Mr. Guy, as he drew out his pocket-book. He was excessively annoyed, and had not sufficient control of mind to hide his feelings. "Missus say, go to de store!" Abe's white teeth glistened, as he stood smiling and apologetic.

The five dollars were paid, and Abe retired; but, scarcely had he passed into the street, when a stout countryman entered, and presented another piece of paper. Mr. Guy caught at it in a nervous way.

"Due John Thomas, \$10, for milk and cream. LYDIA GUY."

"Who told you to bring this here?" asked Guy, roughly.

"Your good lady," sir," replied the man, respectfully.

"Henry, pay this, and take a receipt to date," said Mr. Guy, looking round at a clerk; and he turned from the man with a most ungracious air. But, ere the broken thread of business conversation had been fairly taken up, one of his house-servants entered the counting-room.

"What do you want, Hannah?" said Mr. Guy, knitting his just relaxed brows.

"Mrs. Guy said ye'd give me my money," replied the girl, handing him a folded note. The contents were—

"Due Hannah, one month's wages, - \$8

"LYDIA GUY."

"Couldn't you have waited until I got home?" angrily demanded the merchant!

"No, sir. I'm to send it till Ireland; and it must go the day. I towld her yestherday that I'd want it, and she said, very well. An' to-day she gev me this to bring till yez, sir."

"Outrageous!" muttered Guy to himself. "What does she mean?" Then handing the due-bill over his shoulder, he said—

"Henry, pay this, also!" As the girl, after getting her money, was retiring, Guy called out, "Hannah."

"Sir, till yez." The woman's voice was not over respectful.

"Next time you want money, wait until I come home."

"Maybe, if ye didn't keep the mistress so close——"

"Silence! How dare you!" Guy broke in angrily upon the servant's impudent retort.

"Och! An' yez may scrame silence till thim thot cares; but ye nadn't thry at wid me, Musther Guy. The ledly hadn't ory money, and she towld me to come heré. No mighty harum done, I reckon."

And with this speech, the free-tongued Irish woman, who had seen enough of Guy in the family to despise him, flung herself out of the counting-room, and made quick exit from the store.

"Well, if that doesn't beat the Old Boy himself!" said Adam Guy, his face flushed with shame and anger. But the play was not over yet. A shabbily dressed boy came shuffling into the counting-room a few minutes afterwards, and standing in front of Mr. Guy, commenced operations on an old pocket in his trousers, whose heterogeneous contents were half removed before the object of his search was found. Guy felt nervous. Was here "another cursed due-bill?" We give the words he uttered in thought. Even so; for scarcely had the question formed itself, when out came a crumpled piece of paper, which the boy held towards him, saying—

"Mother told me to give you this, and you'd pay it?"

"What is it?" Guy caught the slip of paper from the boy's hand, and glanced at the single line written thereon—

"Due Aunt Green, - - - 64 cents.

"LYDIA GUY."

"Here! Take this back to your mother, and don't dare to show your face in my store again." Guy lost his temper completely. This was the last feather.

"Good day," said the merchant with whom he had been in conference. "I'll drop in again, and talk over that matter."

"Good day," was returned, coldly, and the merchant retired. But the boy remained standing, with the due-bill in his hand.

"Didn't I tell you to be off?" And Guy advanced upon the lad with a threatening look. The little fellow, however, stood his ground.

"Go, I say!"

"Mother said you'd pay me sixty-four cents. Mrs. Guy wrote it down on the paper."

"I shall not pay it; so off with you this instant!"

Two angry spots burned on the lad's cheeks, and his eyes flashed like diamonds. Moving back, until he stood in the counting-room door, and in a safe position for retreat, he screamed out—

"Stingy old hunk! Cheat a poor woman out of sixty-four cents!"

And then ran off at full speed. Catching up his hat, Mr. Guy left the store in a hurried manner, and proceeded homeward. Stalking

into the room where his wife sat with two or three of the children, he said, in a rough, angry voice—

"What's the meaning of all this?—ha!"

"Meaning of what?" asked Mrs. Guy, without evincing any surprise at her husband's manner.

"You know well enough!" stormed the excited man. "Don't put on that meek pretence!"

Lydia dropped her eyes from his face, and pursued quietly, and with a steady hand, the work on which she was engaged.

"Did you hear me?" The heavy foot of Mr. Guy jarred the floor, as often in times gone by; the effect was the same as if his wife had been a statue. There was no response.

"Lydia!" The voice was pitched to a lower key, and to a different modulation.

"Well." She paused in her work, and looked up.

"Why did you send them people to me for money?"

"It was due them." The dead level of Mrs. Guy's tone and manner baffled her husband.

"Don't do it again! I went have Tom, Dick and Harry, running to the store after money. I'm surprised at you! And as for Hannah, the insolent huzzy!—she can't stay in this house another day."

Mrs. Guy dropped her eyes upon the sewing in her lap, and the needle-hand, which had been suspended in the air, moved on again—stitch, stitch, stitch.

"Why didn't you tell me you were out of money?"

Mrs. Guy gave her husband a look so full of a strange, half-understood significance, that his breath stood still for a moment. Drawing out his purse, and taking therefrom bank bills to the amount of forty dollars, he gave them a twist in his fingers, and then threw them across the room towards his wife. They fell on the floor, several feet from where she was sitting. She did not glance towards them, nor pause in her sewing. Guy, as he tossed her the money, turned away, and left the room.

On the next morning, while Mr. Guy sat with the same merchant who had witnessed his mortification on the day before, in the midst of a closely driven bargain on both sides, a girl, wearing a sun-bonnet, and having a checked apron over a faded calico dress, came into the counting-room, and said—

"Is Mr. Guy in?"

"That's my name. What do you want?"

The girl opened her hand, in which she held a narrow, folded strip of paper.

"Mrs. Guy told me to give you this, and said you'd pay it."

An angry heart-beat, sent the blood in red stains to the face of Adam Guy. He took the slip of paper, and read—

"Due Mrs. Winter, for butter and eggs, \$7.41.

"LYDIA GUY."

"This is beyond endurance! What does the woman mean?" exclaimed Guy, losing command of himself, and betraying, in the sentence, a glimpse of the skeleton that was in his house. Then adding, impatiently, as he looked towards a clerk—

"Pay it, Henry."

"See here, girl!" he said, roughly, as the person who had brought the due-bill was about retiring with the money, "don't bring any more of them things here. My house is the place."

"You needn't be so huffy about it," retorted the girl, whose rough contact with life in the markets had made her quick-tongued and independent. "A body's a right to ask for their own anywhere. Mrs. Guy said come here."

"Off! Off!" And the humiliated merchant waved his hand.

"Highty!" ejaculated the market girl, as she moved back, and glided through the door, "what's to pay now?"

Amused glances passed from clerk to clerk, as they looked after her, retiring, with a jaunty air, through the store. Ten minutes later, and another due bill, for a trifling sum, came in; and before dinner time three more were presented. Guy was boiling over when he reached home at two o'clock, his dining hour.

"What did you do with the money I gave you yesterday?" he demanded, stalking into the presence of his wife, and thus interrogating her before all the children.

"I received none," was the cold, indifferent answer.

"What? I gave you forty dollars yesterday!"

Lydia merely shook her head, and murmured passively,

"You are under a mistake."

"Didn't I throw you some bank bills yesterday, in this very room?"

"Did you?"

"Certainly I did. Where are they?"

"Perhaps you'll find them on the floor, where you threw them; they never came into my possession," was the impassive answer of Lydia.

"What! You don't mean to say that you left forty dollars lying on the floor to be stolen by servants, or swept into the fire?"

"No, I didn't do any thing of the kind. If so foolish an act took place, the folly may lie at your door; it certainly does not at mine."

Circumvented, Adam Guy! This weak woman is proving too strong for you.

"Didn't you see the money when I threw it towards you?"

"Yes."

"Well! Why didn't you take it?"

"I'm neither a dog nor a beggar, Adam Guy! If you wish me to disburse the family expenses, place the means, in a decent way, at my disposal."

"But where are the forty dollars?" Ah! Here was the pinch! And Guy began to look about the floor. "Adam! Did you see any thing of the money?" addressing his oldest boy.

"No, sir," was promptly answered; and then, with the eager scent of a hound, this money-loving child began hunting about the room. The sofa was dragged from the wall; edges of the carpet pulled up here and there; tables and chairs moved from their places; and search made even in the ash pan of the grate. But, to no good purpose.

"There's no use in looking," growled the unhappy man. "Of course the money's gone! swept into the fire, or the street. It beats every thing I've yet seen! No more value is placed on money in this house, than if it were so much dirt."

"I've found it!" cried young Adam, who had continued to prow about, moved by his avaricious instincts, after all the rest had abandoned the search as idle. And he held up the little twisted roll of bills, that, by some strange chance, had lodged in an out-of-the-way corner of the room, behind a piece of furniture.

A stranger would have thought, by the joy which instantly made radiant the face of Guy, that this sum of money was all he possessed in the world. Catching the bills from Adam's hand, he opened and counted them over in an eager, nervous manner.

"Are they all there, father?" asked the boy.

"Yes, my son; fortunately. Such outrageous indifference beats every thing!"

Mrs. Guy had shown no interest in the hurried, disorderly search, which had ended in finding the lost bills, and gave no sign of pleasure at their recovery.

"Here!" said her husband, now thrusting



the money almost into her face. "Do you see it now?"

But Mrs. Guy did not move a hand.

"Why don't you take it?" was demanded, in a tone of authority.

"I've told you before, that I'm neither a dog nor a beggar, Adam Guy!"

The look that flashed out upon Guy from the suddenly lifted eyes of his wife, caused him to move back a step or two. The voice was cold and steady; but the eyes had a gleam in them that caused a creeping chill to run along his nerves. He stood, holding out the money for a little while, and then, seeing no movement on the part of his wife, gave it a safe lodgment in his pocket-book.

CHAPTER XIX.

After eating his dinner, Mr. Guy arose from the table, and coming round to where his wife sat, laid the money which she had refused to take from his hand beside her plate, saying, in his ungracious way,

"You see that, don't you?"

She did not answer, nor touch the money.

"Lydia!"

"Well, sir?" A cold gleam went up into his face.

"You see that money?"

"I have eyes."

"Oh, well, I'm glad. Then you see the money. Pray, don't let it go into the fire."

"I would suggest the same to you." And Mrs. Guy arose from the table and left the room.

"Did any one ever see the like of that," muttered Guy, in a baffled way, as he caught up the bills.

"She doesn't know the use of money, does she, father?" said young Adam.

"O, dear, no!" responded the father, in a half despairing voice.

"She'd waste and scatter faster than ten men could earn," added the boy, drawing from his memory a sentence which he had treasured from his father's lips.

"Yes, faster than forty men," was answered, in strange thoughtlessness, or indifference, as to the ears that drank in the words.

Guy went off to his store without seeing his wife again. A little slip of paper, in the hands of a colored man, reading thus—

"Due Jim Lane for oysters, - - \$1.40,

"LYDIA GUY,"

pricked him sharply during the afternoon, and admonished him to settle this question of

money on some basis that would be satisfactory to his wife. The due bill annoyance had come to be a source of amusement with the clerks, who all knew him well enough to dislike and despise him; and more than once he caught their smiling interchange of glances, as the demands came in. The meaning of it all, they were not slow in guessing.

"This has gone far enough, Lydia," he said, when they were alone in the evening.

His wife looked at him without answering—looked at him with a cold indifference of manner.

"I wish you to pay for everything as you get it. No more of those bills and due bills. It must be stopped short off."

No reply.

"Do you understand me, Lydia?"

"I'm not certain that I do."

"I said, that you must pay for everything as you get it—no more of these bills and due bills."

"Just as you please. It's a matter of indifference to me." Mrs. Guy's voice was at a dead-level.

Guy gave utterance to a few words of angry impatience, but they provoked no answer from his wife.

"Make me out a statement of expenses, that I may know what sum to supply. I'm sick of this working in the dark—this pouring out of money in an incessant stream, and seeing it disappear like water in the sand. Here's a small blank book. You must keep an account of what you spend. Set down, on this side, all you receive, and on this side, all you pay out. That's the way to do. I've wanted this system from the beginning, and said so a hundred times. Now, I insist upon it."

He reached the book towards Lydia, who took it from his hand, and without apparent feeling, tossed it lightly into the grate where a strong fire was burning. The flames curled eagerly around it, and threw a bright glare over the room. Guy started to his feet, exclaiming in a hot passion,

"Madam! Are you insane?"

Three or four hasty turns were made through the apartment; then the excited merchant stopped before his wife and confronted her. She sat, with her chin drawn down, looking up to him with a cold smile of triumph in her eyes—a smile so singular and unusual, that he shivered under it into calmness.

"What do you mean, Lydia?" The question was in a greatly subdued tone.

"Nothing but self-protection," she answered,

"Self-protection!" Adam Guy's lip curled. "You are playing at a bold game, madam; and will, in all probability, find that you have mistaken your man."

"As you have found, already, that you have mistaken your woman. But, we shall see!"

Her tone was implacable.

Guy endeavored to look his wife out of countenance, but failed. There was a new expression in her eyes that he could not fathom, and a meaning in her air, voice, and conduct, that threw him entirely at fault.

"How much money do you want for expenses? That's the matter in hand, now," he said, recovering himself, and coming back to the theme uppermost in his mind.

"I didn't ask for anything," replied Lydia, with irritating indifference.

"Confound it all!" stormed Guy, breaking away from all self-control. "Are you possessed of a devil?"

"Perhaps," his wife answered. And another gleam shot out upon him from her strange eyes.

"Will forty dollars a week supply your wants?" said Guy, taking out his pocket-book. His manner was changed.

"I have no wants," she answered, with provoking indifference.

"Will forty dollars supply the wants of the family, then? You know what I mean."

"Can't say," replied Mrs. Guy.

"Can't you guess?"

She merely shook her head.

"Well, here's fifty. That must serve, surely." And Guy held the money towards his wife. But she did not raise her head.

"Why don't you take it?" he asked.

"I'm neither your slave, nor your dog, nor a beggar, Adam Guy! Can't you understand me?"

Her eyes flashed; her cheeks burned; her pale lips quivered with feeling. Starting to her feet, with the springy bound of an animal, she stood with him face to face, in attitude and expression proudly defiant. He moved back a step or two.

"No, I don't understand you," Guy answered. "All this passes my comprehension."

"I'm sorry for you, then. But you will understand me."

"Why don't you take the money?"

"Simply, because it isn't rightly tendered. There's to be no more tossing of your dirty rags in my face, Adam Guy! I'm no beggar to pick up your crumbs; no slave to accept

your grudging offerings and be thankful. But your wife and your equal in all things; and as such, I will be treated with respect, if not kindness."

"You will!" Guy was recovering himself. He retorted, with a rising sneer.

Lydia raised her hand in a warning way, and sent a glance through and through her husband. He paused and wavered.

"Pray, give a formula, that I may know how to conduct myself." His tone was slightly contemptuous.

"Conduct yourself like a gentleman," was the calm, dignified answer. "That will cover the whole ground. I ask for nothing more, and will accept of nothing less."

A dark scowl settled over the face of Adam Guy. He found it impossible to go any further in the way across which this new obstruction had been thrown, and so stepped back from it; not, however, in weak acceptance of an ultimatum, but to scheme and plot over the means of getting it out of his road. He was too strong-willed—too much in the habit of compassing his ends, to retire from this field. On the next morning, he again tendered money to his wife, saying, now, in a kind, respectful way—

"Here are fifty dollars, Lydia, for expenses."

Mrs. Guy received the money with a quiet air, and placed it in her pocket.

Three days afterwards, a woman who kept a small dry goods store to which Mrs. Guy was in the habit of sending or going for tape, needles, trimmings and the like, called on Mr. Guy at the store, and presented a due bill, signed by his wife, for twenty-seven dollars and a few odd cents. On the same day, the baker dropped in with another due bill, calling for sixteen dollars. Guy paid them both, without a sign of feeling, just as if disbursements in this way were a part of his system. Already there had been sufficient of mortifying exposure in the face of his clerks, and he was not inclined to lift the veil again. But, to have due bills to the amount of over forty dollars presented within three days after giving his wife fifty dollars, struck him as a calamity. This was indeed, he felt, like pouring water on the sand.

"If I were a millionaire, I could not stand this!" he said, in his thought. "The woman is losing her senses."

In the evening, Guy endeavored to approach his wife with remonstrance on the money question, but she pushed him aside with a cold dignity that chafed him into passion.

"Madam!" he exclaimed, "I will not have my goods wasted—my hard accumulations scattered to the wind!"

Lydia made no response; not even so much as lifting her eyes from the book she was reading.

"Where are the fifty dollars I placed in your hands, day before yesterday?"

No answer—no sign.

"Lydia!"

Mrs. Guy looked up.

"Did you hear my question?"

She bowed, indifferently.

"Then why don't you speak?"

"You have got to learn another way with me, Adam." Lydia's strangely altered eyes dwelt on her husband's face with so fixed a stare, that he felt the low shudder which had once before crept along his nerves.

"I shall, in all probability, take another way," he answered, a threat half revealing itself in his tones. "As just said, I will not have my hard accumulations scattered to the wind. Justice to myself and children demand restriction. It seems that you are bent on carrying things with a high hand. Nearly a hundred dollars spent in three days, and not a word of explanation. No wonder even your children say, that you waste and scatter faster than ten men can earn."

Mrs. Guy started as if stung by a serpent, a sudden paleness overspreading her face.

"My children, Adam?" she said, huskily, and in a voice painful with surprise.

"Yes, your children," returned her husband, with an air of cruel triumph.

"Who said it? What child? When?" There was a trembling earnestness about Mrs. Guy, now.

"I heard it with my own ears; that is sufficient. And when things come to the pass that a woman's children remark upon her wasteful use of money, it is about time for the husband to interfere and save himself from ruin—as I shall do."

This was too hard a blow for Mrs. Guy. She arose, without answering, and left the room. In a few minutes she returned, and handing her husband a small pocket-book, said, in a mild, yet firm voice—

"You will find twenty dollars in that pocket-book, Adam, the remainder of what you gave me day before yesterday. The due bills were in settlement of standing accounts. In the future, you must do all the buying. I shall waste no more of your hard accumulations. What you bring into the house, I will dispense;

but not a dollar shall again pass through my fingers. There is such a thing as going too far; and you have stepped over the line."

"Don't play the fool, Lydia," said Guy, impatiently, tossing back the pocket-book, which fell upon the floor. "I've had enough of your silly airs. You're trifling with the wrong man."

"There's no trifling, Adam, as you will find." Lydia was calm, but resolute of manner. "When my children are brought up as false witnesses against me, it is time that I withdraw from a position that has never been satisfactorily administered—and I do now withdraw."

And leaving her husband, Mrs. Guy went to her own room. She had been there only a little while, when her cook tapped at the door.

"There's no coffee in the house, ma'am," said cook, on being admitted; "nor any eggs, nor lard; and I don't think we've sugar enough for breakfast. Shall I run round to the store?"

"No, Margaret. See Mr. Guy, and tell him what is wanted. He will attend to these matters hereafter."

The cook stood in unconcealed wonder, gazing at Mrs. Guy.

"Did you understand me, Margaret?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm to go to Mr. Guy."

"That is what I said. If anything is wanted in the house, go to him."

The cook lingered for a little while, and then went slowly down stairs. After conning over the matter for some time, and wondering what it could mean, she ventured into the presence of Mr. Guy, who sat in the dining-room, pondering in moody perplexity over this new aspect of affairs. The inflexible persistence of character, united with something in her looks and manner that made him feel uncomfortable, which Mrs. Guy had shown of late, admonished him that trouble was at hand. Margaret entered, and stood before the master of the house.

"Mrs. Guy is up stairs," said he, gruffly.

"It's you that I want to see, sir." Margaret spoke in doubt and hesitation.

"Well, say on."

"There's no coffee, nor eggs, nor lard, sir, in the house—and the sugar's out."

Guy swept around in his chair—he had merely looked at Margaret over his shoulder—and confronted her with a look of half angry surprise.

"Mrs. Guy bid me tell you, sir!" stammered the cook.

"Mrs. Guy?"

"Yes sir. I told her about it, and she bid me come to you."

"To me! Aren't you mistaken?"

"Oh no, indeed, sir! She said that when anything was wanted in the house, I must come to you."

"When did she say that, Margaret?"

"Just this minute, sir. I told her what we wanted, and she sent me to you."

"For money to buy them?" said Guy.

"No, sir. She didn't say anything about money. She just told me to come to you."

"Will a dollar get what you want?" asked the perplexed man, diving into his pocket.

"Yes sir," replied Margaret.

Guy handed the cook a dollar, and then went striding, in high feeling, up stairs, to demand of his wife what she meant by all this.

"Nothing more nor less," was her cold answer, "than what I have already declared. You are a hard man for a woman to come in contact with, Adam Guy—a hard, selfish, iron-hearted man! For years, I have been wounded and bruised in the contact. Now, I retire from the strife. Flesh has nothing to gain in reacting upon iron. It must, sooner or later, become paralyzed. If gold is your idol, worship on—I shall be no priestess to keep the fires burning on your unhallowed altars."

It was all in vain that Adam Guy stormed, threatened, remonstrated—even persuaded. Lydia had retired from the strife. Folding her arms passively, she sat down, in dreamy introversion of state—taking no care or responsibility in her household, and even becoming strangely indifferent towards, and neglectful of her children. The whole care of the household devolved on her husband, who had to order and superintend, as best he could, in every department. In doing this, however, he had an intelligent auxiliary in Adam, his oldest son, now in his twelfth year—a boy who inherited from his father a strong love of money, with the instinct of hoarding. Guy could trust Adam. So, to this boy was delegated certain functions in the household. He and his father held a conference every evening, and Adam rendered accounts of expenditure in the various departments over which he had control. He, also, in the capacity of spy, kept his father informed of everything that went on during the hours he was at home from school; and often, through the influence of a morbidly excited imagination,

of things that had no existence in time and space. Particularly was Adam sharp-eyed in regard to the conduct of his mother; stimulated thereto by the eagerness with which his father listened to every word that threw shadow, blame, or doubt upon her.

So entire a change in the order of life, could not but prove hurtful to a mind already pushed from its even balance. Mrs. Guy's thought and care in her household, under all the painful obstructions that were in her way, were far better for mental health than this dead level of half forced, half morbid indifference. If, in strife with her husband, the powers of an outraged and starved mind were beginning to show signs of failure, the abandonment of that strife, and the giving up of all interest in external things, was to risk the most fatal consequences. Lydia was not in a condition to have the mental strain removed. Safety was in life and action, even though every heart-stroke lifted itself in pain.

#### CHAPTER XX.

Conciliation and adaptation were not the means by which Adam Guy sought to gain any of his ends. Avarice is cruel and pitiless, and guards its treasure in the spirit of a tiger with its whelps. It feels that every approaching footstep heralds an enemy, and crouches, on the alert, always, ready for assault or defence. No matter how weak, or harmless, or innocent the intruder, the talon is surely bared to receive him. It cannot think unselfishly out of itself—has no kindness, no mercy, no generous consideration. All mankind is its enemy. There is no scruple in avarice—only fear of consequences withholds. Whatever stands in the way of its ends, or obstructs as to the means, must be removed if within the bounds of a safe possibility. It tramples on hearts as if they were stones in the street, and is as unmoved by tears, as by the falling of a summer rain.

Such is avarice, and such was Adam Guy. The state of his wife's mind annoyed him, for it was an obstruction. But, it was never once suggested, that this mind was falling into disease requiring the most skilful treatment. Her strange conduct, instead of awakening concern for her reason, irritated him. He was angry towards her, not tender and pitiful. Thus, his treatment still hurt and alienated the unhappy woman. The sentence, "Putting on airs," fitly expressed Adam Guy's appreciation of his wife's conduct. He saw no deeper than that. Avarice made him blind as



to any true perception of another's state—more particularly if that state was the result of his action upon the individual.

This sudden giving up of care and responsibility by Mrs. Guy, acted, as we might infer, very unfavorably on herself and family. She fell into a listless, dreamy, wretched state of mind; sometimes weeping in her room for hours; sometimes lying in bed, refusing to answer any questions, or taking food, for whole days; and sometimes wandering about the house, seemingly bent on accomplishing something, and yet doing really nothing. Left almost entirely to the servants, the children did pretty much as they pleased, and soon set all of their mother's occasional feebly exerted authority at defiance. Adam, the oldest boy, acting under instructions from his father, came daily more and more into the office of administrator in household affairs. He received a certain sum of money regularly, and kept an account of expenses, which was nightly examined by his father, and the cash on hand ascertained, to see if it agreed with the balance shown in the accounts. All this was far more satisfactory to Mr. Guy than the previous "loose way of managing things," as he called his wife's mode of disbursing money.

Mrs. Guy, who never set that value upon money which it possessed in the eyes of her husband, had been in the habit of giving pennies and small silver now and then to the children. Adam hoarded, while John spent everything that came into his hands—spent it all for himself. Adam was a selfish miser, and John a selfish spendthrift. The new order of things naturally tended to bring in among the children new causes of strife. Adam, instead of their mother, had the home distribution of money, and in him they found no generous friend. Not a single penny went to them from the closely drawn purse, while many a piece of silver, falsely charged out in the book of expenses, found its way into Adam's money-box. Complaints to their father met with no encouragement. His answer was, that they had enough to eat and drink, and stood in no need of money to spend. Spending was a bad habit, and never should be encouraged by him. Adam took sides with his father against the children, and so they learned to look upon him as an enemy, and to hate him as such.

John, next in years to Adam, was as strong-willed, and as dishonorable at heart as his brother. This sudden cutting off of supplies was a thing to which he was not disposed to

submit. He had a mania for spending as decided as Adam's mania for saving, and the means of its gratification must be attained.

Up to this time he had enjoyed, through his mother, legitimate means. These being cut off, his thought turned itself in another direction. Adam had a purse, always well supplied with money—the family purse; and John reasoned, that he had rights in that family purse not alienated by any transfer of possession. So, he determined to help himself, at the first opportunity. But no day-time opportunities came. Adam guarded his trust with unwearied fidelity. Money was too precious a thing, in his eyes, to be left a moment unwatched.

John soon saw that only one chance was left. He must finger the purse while Adam slept. So, he kept himself awake one night, until his brother's hard breathing satisfied him that he was in the world of forgetfulness. Then he crept out of bed, and taking the purse from Adam's pocket, abstracted half a dollar, which he placed in one of his own pockets.

In making up his accounts on the next day, previously to submitting them to his father, Adam discovered the deficit, and was greatly exercised in mind thereat. The cause was not for a moment suspected. After trying in vain to remember some unrecorded expenditure, he went boldly past the difficulty. Whenever he yielded to temptation, and dropped a coin into his private money-box, the account was made to agree with the balance of money on hand, by an entry of some imaginary purchase of sugar, coffee, eggs, or potatoes. This safe method of adjustment came in, naturally, on the present occasion. "Apples" bore one half of John's sin, and "eggs" the other, and the boy went free of all suspicion.

John had a friend in the neighborhood, with whom he passed a great deal of the time not spent in school; and the two lads managed to devour as much cake, candy, and fruit, as the stolen half dollar would buy. Had the money come fairly into the possession of John, he would have shared with nobody. As it was, he felt like transferring a measure of responsibility. Not that he reasoned on the subject—only a blind instinct of safety influenced him, which was as likely to lead into the way of discovery as concealment.

Night found John's pocket empty. The half dollar had melted, under his own and his companion's greedy appetites, like snow in the sunshine. The means of replenishing that empty pocket were again at hand. Not a word

in regard to the first abstraction, had been said by Adam, and it was the natural conclusion of John's mind, that it had not been discovered. So, he resolved to take a second step in this guilty direction. After they were in bed, he kept himself awake as on the night before; but Adam seemed as little inclined to sleep as himself. In fact, the loss of that half dollar was troubling him. He could not make it out. A dozen times had he gone over, in his mind, the expenditures of the day, but the missing sum could not be accounted for.

"Adam," said John, after lying still for half an hour, listening in vain for the deep breathing by which he had made himself satisfied of Adam's state of oblivion on the night before.

Adam heard, but, from sheer perverseness refused to answer.

"Adam," John spoke again.

But no motion or sound came from his brother.

"Adam." This time John pushed him, gently. But Adam lay as still as a log, though with every sense on the alert. Why was John lying awake so long?—and why did he speak to him in that hushed way? The very tone of his brother set his thought to questioning; and as the half dollar was pressing on his mind, a suspicion flashed through it. Instead of answering, he mumbled a few words incoherently, like one disturbed in profound sleep, and then commenced breathing in a heavy way.

John, deceived by this, waited a few minutes, and then got quietly out of bed. The room was dark, but light enough came in from the stars for Adam's cat-like eyes to see every movement of his brother. It was impossible for him to wait until the purse, in which he carried the household funds, was opened. Enough, that the hand of John was in the pocket where the treasure lay. Out upon him he sprang, exclaiming—

"So I've caught you, Mr. Johnny! Aha!"

John was, for an instant, in dismay. The trousers he had taken from a chair, fell to the floor, the purse still in its place. But he rallied himself, as he threw Adam off, replying with affected anger and scorn,

"Aha, what?"

"Thief! Robber! You stole half-a-dollar last night!"

"It's a lie!" answered John, boldly.

"I'll tell father all about this in the morning, Mister; and he'll make you smart! I wouldn't be a sneaking thief!"

"If you say thief again, I'll knock you over!"

"Thief!"—Adam hissed back into his brother's face, who struck him in blind passion. Both lads now forgot everything in the angry strife that followed. Adam was oldest and strongest; but about John, when excited, there was a wild desperation, that, on the first outbreak, bore down all resistance. The blow with which his blow was answered, aroused him to fury, and flinging himself upon Adam he drove him backwards upon a chair over which he fell with a loud noise, and a louder outcry. This brought Mr. Guy, not yet in bed, to the scene of trouble.

"What's all this about?" he demanded in angry tones, as he pushed open the chamber door, and let the light from a passage lamp stream inward.

"He called me a thief," answered John, getting in the first defence.

"And so you are!" replied Adam, boldly.

"You stole a half dollar out of my pocket last night, and"—

"It's a lie!" fiercely retorted John.

"It's the truth," persisted Adam, "and I caught you in the very act of robbing my pocket again to-night."

"Is that so?" demanded Mr. Guy, a cruel sternness in his voice.

"Yes, sir. It is so."

"It's a lie!"

"Silence, sir!" Mr. Guy raised his hand.

"Indeed, father, it isn't true." John's voice changed to one of piteous denial.

"Adam, I want the truth of this matter," said Mr. Guy, turning to his oldest son. "You say that John took half a dollar out of your pocket last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"No, sir. I didn't."

"Silence, I say! And you caught him at your pocket again to-night?"

"Yes, sir. I missed half-a-dollar this morning; and to-night I kept awake for a good while after I went to bed. I thought John was asleep, for he breathed as if he was, when he called me. I didn't answer. Then he called me again, and pushed me. But I kept still, and pretended I was asleep. After awhile, he crept softly out of bed, and I watched him go to my trousers and begin looking for the pocket. At this I darted out on him and he struck me in the face."

Mr. Guy waited to hear no more. Adam's story was fully credited. John tried to explain that he had a cold, and was after his pocket

handkerchief; but his father caught him with a vice-like grip and gave him a terrible flogging.

"You stole the money yourself, and lied me into a beating," said John, sobbing from pain, as he crept back into bed after his father had left the room. "But I'll fix you for it, see if I don't!"

"Fix away! Nobody cares for you!" retorted the hard-hearted Adam. "If I'd been father, I'd have given you twice as much."

Thus they snarled at each other like two wild animals until sleep overcame them, and both sunk away into that oblivion of outward things that comes as a blessing to old and young—to the evil and the good—to the conscience-clear and the innocent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## My Cogitations.

No. II.

BY SARA A. WENTE.

Like Namaan, the Syrian, I have always wanted to do some great thing. How many hours have I expended in wondering why a noble field of labor did not present itself to me. It always happened that at the moment when I was in my state of exaltation, and felt capable of making an onslaught upon ignorance and iniquity, that something turned up to prevent, and then, being one of those unfortunates who are given to fits and starts, the feeling passed away. When I would be turning ragged children over in my mind, and reflecting upon the saintly aspect I would bestow upon them, Cousin Esther would get sick, or the baby would become dangerous, so that in a multiplicity of cares, no scheme would mature, except a plot to fasten myself up in a fourth story attic, where the human race could find no access.

This morning, as I was going to market, I said to myself, "I must watch for opportunities to do good to-day." I had no sooner made this mental observation than an ugly little sprite, that is always at my spiritual elbow, exclaimed sarcastically, "Watch for opportunities! that is what you have been doing all your life; you had better acquire the art of *seizing* opportunities!"

I meekly admitted the force of the suggestion, and had plunged into the deep sea of meditation, when an aged colored man raised his hat directly in front of me, and said humbly,

"Please, missus, give me something to buy a meal! I've awful hungry."

I looked at him steadfastly, and overflowing with zeal, I could not choose but ask him many questions, refraining from a lecturing style. I have observed that many philanthropic persons always *advise* the poor, instead of being simply sympathetic, until trust and gratitude are excited. I was going to buy me a two shilling pair of gloves, for mine were getting in such a condition that it made me faint to look at them, and I have so little money at command. I gave the colored brother my beloved quarter, and walked on, delightfully exhilarated by my sacrifice, and feeling sure that a "field of noble labor" would always open right in front of me, when I had *such a spirit* as I had this morning. I encountered the butcherlike a benignant sunbeam, and actually succeeded in bringing a cordial smile upon his half sulky face. As I went away, I reflected thus: "The butcher felt either sulky or sad; if I, for even five minutes dispelled the clouds about him, or turned his thoughts into a brighter channel, was it not a positive good done to him? Have I not two good deeds already to be recorded upon to-day's book of life?" As I was going out of the building, I heard a voice say in a low, gruff tone,

"Take care, or the old maid will catch you after all."

A coarse, derisive laugh, from my butcher, replied. I had glided behind a large man on my way out, and the two had evidently supposed I had disappeared through the nearest opening. What were my sensations? Good gracious! nothing but "good gracious" can express the shock of anger that petrified and burned me; all the scorn and pride of a thousand generations were concentrated in my breast in a moment; I felt as if I could crush those two butchers remorselessly under my feet. I *did* wish something would happen so that I could show them the royal quality of my contempt. "I only descended," I soliloquized, "from my serene height, out of pity to the low wretch. I never for a moment forgot the ocean-wide distance between my nature and his."

"That's fit, is it?" cried out the aforesaid little sprite. "You thought, Dorothea, that you had such a pattern spirit this morning, and now you discover that a little kind feeling was planted upon a mine of haughty arrogance."

"Well," I angrily retorted, to my invisible disputant, "I never as long as I live will buy meat of those two villains. You may just as well stop first as last. I won't!"

"Not only planted upon a mine of haughty

arrogance," proceeded the sprite, "but there is revenge below."

"Don't care if there is! Glad of it. I'll never go to market again!"

"Not only revenge, but selfishness; you intend to make either Timothy or Esther go in your place; you know that Timothy works himself to death now; you offered to relieve him of this duty, but as soon as it becomes unpleasant you are going to thrust it back upon him. You are aware that Esther is not strong enough to walk so far."

"But how can I?" I groaned, reluctantly. "If I must go, I'll never buy of *him* again."

"Why not? You went to him in the first place because he was so unattractive in manner, that he gained no custom. If it was right for you to be governed by this view of the case at one time, it is no less right now. The man was precisely the same then as now; he has not done you a wilful wrong; you have simply seen a part of his nature that was given him at birth."

I had got half way home when I reached this part of the argument. Hearing a voice that sounded like my colored brother's, I looked into a porter house I was passing, and there he stood drinking whisky with my quar-ter, and making himself facetious. The sight might have made me indignant a half hour before, but now I looked at him more in sorrow than anger. "Poor creature!" I thought, "how much help you need to draw you up from the slough in which you have plunged yourself. You are an interesting man to me, compared with those dreadful butchers!" When I got home, I told Esther of the manner in which my philanthropy had been extinguished. She laughed until the tears came. I laughed a little, with a tinge of scorn and ill-humor in my feelings. As I washed dishes, and swept, and darned stockings, with my "rigid look" on, I kept saying to myself, "It's very queer indeed, that, when I have tried extra hard to make myself happy, and others too to-day, by beginning it so beautifully, I should have been met as I have! What does it mean? Didn't I want to do everything required of me? Didn't I intend to walk straight up the delectable mountains? Didn't I say to myself, as I was hooking the sleeve of my dress this morning, 'now, to-day, I will live such a perfect life, that it will reflect a starry brightness upon many days in heaven!'"

"Yes, that is what I said, and yet I am a prey to such inflexible crossness that I really long to punish that tormenting babe every

time she cries. Now that these old stockings are mended (Timothy is so hard on the heels), I'll go up to my room and enjoy myself a few hours: I'll read or write, or do anything to occupy my mind, because I'm not going into any more efforts to-day; it's like looking through a fog to find something, this trying to see what good such experiences do."

I settled myself in my little rocking chair, and read awhile, but every few moments a disquieting thought would take this form, "If the kingdom of heaven is within, the actual realm in which we shall live and move and have our being after death, must be made up of an aggregate of these individual kingdoms; therefore, he who reforms himself by means of divine grace, takes the first step towards increasing the extent of heaven; it is plain to see that the outward acts of this day have proved failures; but can the spring that set them in motion have no vitality? Is any right-motived act really a failure? Would I have ransacked my heart, and discovered a vital error there, if the wise, prayer-answering Father had not guided me through the very simple experiences of this morning? Ah, yes! now I begin to see it all! When I entered the courts of prayer, I asked to take a higher path; I saw in vision the spiritual uplands which my own form was treading, and lo! over the hills a new light is breaking, reddened with diviner love. My charity was of a low order; it expected personal reward; now there glides down into my spirit a realization of patient well-doing that regards the object, and not self. I see how the angels do not mind rebuffs, because they look so steadfastly at the 'image of God' in man; they are so filled with holy zeal that nothing can divert them from remembering of what man is capable; no wickedness or ingratitude in him can weary their hopeful appeals to his higher nature; they recognize it, though he does not. O, you poor butchers! how kindly I do feel towards you! Why, bless me, I think a thousand times more of you than I ever did before; in my arrogance, I thought of doing *you* good, and here you have been the means of leading me up one of the slopes of existence. You have taught me to strive after disinterested benevolence, after unquenchable love; in your souls lying far back, I trace divine and human lineaments that challenge my reverence; from you, I look thus upon others. Others might give me a material fortune, but you have unwittingly opened upon me a gate of light; you have deepened the growing sense of eternal



verities, and I fold to my heart with gratitude a new knowledge of sins to conquer; they have been within me almost unrecognized, but the Swift Helper already bends down to give in their places, cups flowing over with the wine of Paradise. And my colored brother! you have showed me that I committed an error of judgment. Doubtless when I go to the house of a pauper, and give more wisely, I shall owe the thoroughness of action to you. But there is that blessed innocent little seraph down stairs crying! I'll fly to her, and do *anything* to amuse her! And Esther, I'll doff my 'rigid look' and tell you of Miss Gilbert's career while I hem my apron."

## How he Met his First Love.

BY ROSELLA.

I almost felt ashamed of my ninepence gingham dress, the day that Carrie Wharton and I went to M. together. She did appear so well in her rich, dark merino, the very kind I had always wanted, and I resolved to ask Harry to buy me a pattern like Carrie's.

After we got to M., we went shopping together until Carrie had to go away to the milliner's, when I stepped into the dentist's, and promised to meet her in an hour at Fred Lane's office.

Carrie and Fred had been lovers once, and were engaged, but for some unaccountable reason the match was broken off, and within two years Carrie had wed the young doctor in our village, and Fred had married Deacon Hall's Lucy.

I don't tell it for truth, but I did hear that his love began to wane from a certain time in which he saw Carrie fixing back a little ring of a curl on her baby-sister's forehead, after the manner that cats wash their faces. Well, it was not very nice if she did moisten the rosy tips of her fingers in her pretty mouth; but we incline to think that he was rather fastidious.

I quite wish I had not commenced telling this, but it is for the good of you, girl readers, and I guess I'll brave all prudish fears and talk on, if Mr. Arthur will permit me.

Well, I was at Fred's office and had a good long chat with my old schoolmate—and still Carrie didn't come.

I stepped to the door to look for her; the chill autumn winds were whirling through the streets, carrying bits of paper and dust

in every direction, when there, turning the corner, just below us, came Carrie tripping along in great haste.

"I wonder if my heart will beat any faster when I meet my first love," said Fred, laughing quietly.

"Come and see," I replied, and he came to the door, and just as his eye caught sight of her—whew! came the wind, and puffed the beautiful merino up in the air, and displayed, not a snow-white skirt fresh from the ironing table, but one, short and narrow, and of the faded, dingy color of a very old, worn-out hat lining! Whew! whew! came the boisterous winds round the corner, screaming out like an old virago, and the poor excuse of a skirt whisked to one side, showing another of wide striped, faded calico; and her hose, which were of that hue an old Irish woman preferred, "so near the color of dirt, that real dirt wouldn't show."

"What a charming landscape!" I said, turning quickly to a picture of woody hill-sides, skirted by a ferny valley, through which the limpid waters flowed.

"Very beautiful!" he replied, "it always rests me to take a good look at that."

"Fred," said a sweet voice, and there stood his little wife with a parcel in her hand, which she left in his keeping until she returned from calling on a poor woman. As she went down the steps, a neat little foot and the clean hems of white skirts, peeped out in the veering wind.

"My precious, tidy little wife, Rosy!" and I read in those earnestly spoken words, and in the compressed lips and clear depths of his eyes, great joy and thankfulness that *she* was his wife.

We cannot see how a woman who is careless and slatternly in her attire, can respect herself—cannot see how she can be at all refined, or pure minded, and womanly, if she only cares for a good outside appearance.

This little sketch is truer, girls, than it is pretty; let the thoughts it will suggest have an abiding place in your minds.

### A GOOD RULE.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,  
Wherever our fortune call,  
With a friendly glance and an open hand,  
And a gentle word for all.  
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,  
Where toil is the portion of man,  
We all should endeavor, while passing along,  
To make it as smooth as we can.

## The Lucky Herring.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

"How do you sell your smoked herring?"

"Those Scotch herring?—only nine cents a dozen."

"But singly?"

"A cent apiece, sir."

"I will take two of them,—and one of those rolls—no! the smallest, and have the kindness to wrap them in a piece of paper for me."

The grocer wrapped the herrings and roll together, with one of those slight-of-hand movements peculiar to the trade, and handing the parcel to his customer, counted out six cents in exchange for the dime which the customer deposited on the counter, and then turned to his next customer briskly, with, "Well, what can I do for you?" while Baron Doyle slipped his purchase into his coat pocket and walked away. When he had walked a considerable distance, and just as he was turning down towards the levee, for he was going to Ambrose on the morning packet, he encountered his friend Bathurst, whose greatest misfortune was the possession of more money and time than he knew what to do with.

"Ah! I was just thinking about you Baron. Have you found that book? I have been in every store in town, but as yet have failed to procure it. I think you told me your father had a copy."

"Yes, I laid it away the other day for you."

"By the way, Baron, I want your advice. I am going to have Zschöke and Goldsmith (Tauchnitz edition) bound, and I am hesitating between brown and blue. But I want something new and neat."

"Then," said Baron Doyle, "I have the very thing you want. I have Moore here, in a small volume, brown with—but I'll just show it to you." And putting his hand into his pocket he brought forth the paper containing his recent purchase, adding as he proceeded to open it,

"I bought it for my sister, whom I am going to see to-day; it is a very handsome thing, I assure you, but"—

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bathurst, as his expectant gaze fell upon a couple of Scotch herrings and a twopenny roll, "ha, ha, ha! Brown they are—smoked, eh? Why, what are you going to do with the herrings, Doyle?"

At that moment the packet for Ambrose tapped her bell. The owner of the fish had not a moment to lose, so hastily cramming the

herrings and roll into his pocket again, and muttering something about an explanation at another time, he hurried aboard the boat, leaving his friend standing on the street convulsed with laughter. Baron Doyle was not sorry at the interruption, for unlike those young men who have a lie ready for every dilemma, he had a wholesome respect for the truth; but he was mortified, as who would not be at the age of two and twenty, at being detected with a twopenny roll and Scotch herrings in his pocket. He could easily have said, "What a blunder! but I have the book in my other pocket. I bought these for a joke;" but he preferred silence to a lie. Besides, his friend would never guess the truth, or at best he would impute the purchase to a whim. "Certainly," thought Baron Doyle, as he bestowed a parting look upon his friend as the packet swung out from her landing majestically, "certainly he will never suspect that I bought them with the intention of dining upon them."

To explain why Baron Doyle, who, with the manners of a gentleman, was respectably attired in a dark brown suit, and who had no particular taste for smoked herring, was compelled to dine (or sup, or both; for the packet left Shuttleton at nine A. M., and only reached Ambrose at nine P. M.) on them, it will be necessary to state that he was short of funds; and to explain how it happened that such a handsome young man, with such an honest, energetic manner, could only count six cents in his purse, I must inform the reader that he was compelled by "circumstances" to dress like a gentleman, board at a respectable boarding house or hotel, and pay his washing bills, out of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. [By the way, he was an expert at mending his own clothes.] As his boarding and washing cost him exactly one hundred and ninety-five dollars a year, it will be apparent that there was but fifty-five dollars left to adorn the outer man.

It may appear marvelous to you, my well dressed reader; but it is nevertheless a fact, that Baron Doyle did not consume fifty-five dollars in clothing in the course of twelve calendar months; notwithstanding he provided himself with respectable attire, hat, boots and linen. Was the young man penurious? was he suffering from a severe attack of economy, or was he only able to earn that amount in a year? you ask. No! he received a salary of four hundred; but having managed to live on the amount I have mentioned when he was in his twenty-first year, he determined to try it

a second year,—and he succeeded, for he had a great object in view. And what was the object that induced him to expose himself to the merciless ridicule of his clever acquaintances who expended their salaries as fast as they earned them?

Baron Doyle was an orphan. His father had been a prominent merchant of Shuttleton; but when Baron was turning twenty, Mr. Doyle encountered severe reverses; his property went under the hammer, and a week afterwards he was laid in his grave, leaving Baron and his only sister to grapple with the world as best they might. Baron, who was at college, returned home to bury his father, to soothe his sister, to face stern poverty, and to seek employment. He obtained employment at the very low salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year; but it was as much as his employer could afford to give a young man totally unacquainted with business of any sort whatever. His sister, in the meantime, found a home with a second cousin; but at the end of a year the brother and sister held a council. Baron desired to place his sister at the Ambrose Seminary, which was universally conceded to be the best in the country, and his employer having unexpectedly raised his salary to four hundred a year, he succeeded in convincing his sister that the money could not be appropriated to a better purpose; so after a little struggle, for Emma had a plan of her own, the sister consented, and Baron had the satisfaction of defraying her expenses.

And this was his great object—the education of his sister. One hundred and fifty dollars of his salary was devoted to this object. Imagine a young man of two and twenty living on two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Picture him at the end of the year, free from debt, and with five dollars in his pocket. Such was Baron Doyle's position at the time I introduced him to the reader. No! I am wrong. Two dollars of the five was invested in Tom Moore's Poems, which lay in his pocket, the handsome volume he intended showing his friend Bathhurst, when he exposed the herrings instead.

"Scotch herrings and Moore's Poems!"

Yes, miss, singular as it may appear to you, the young gentleman carried herrings in one pocket, and poems in another.

"How absurd!"

Not when you reflect that Baron Doyle bought the poems for his sister, whom he was about to visit, and whom he had not seen for a year, and that he had barely three dollars and

six cents in his purse, three dollars of which would be required to pay his fare to and from Ambrose, and a night's lodging; the latter, twenty-five or fifty cents; the former, two dollars and a half. The fare to Ambrose, including dinner and supper, was two dollars—one dollar and twenty-five cents, leaving the meals out.

Ah! you forget the absurdity in the brotherly affection and self-denial.

That little volume of poems cost Baron Doyle two sleepless nights, and a summer hat. Think of it! He had hoarded up five dollars and ten cents at the end of May—the end of his second year passed in Mr. Dewey's employment. Considering the fact that he had worn his cap until it had lost its original color, and became dim in the peak; that the season for heavy caps was now over, and that of light summer hats just begun, you may decide his purchase of the poems a piece of folly. But when you reflect that he had only one sister, and that he had never made her a present in his life—ah! you pronounce him a noble fellow.

During the two years he had been employed by Mr. Dewey, he had never asked a single day for himself. When his fellow clerks were off sporting with their friends in the dull summer months, Baron Doyle was at his usual place behind the counter; not because he did not relish a summer day among the trees and flowers, but simply because he had no place to go, and no money to spend in amusement. No wonder that Mr. Dewey looked up in astonishment when "sober Baron" spoke of taking a "day or two to himself." But he was only too glad to find an excuse to rally him.

"Certainly, Baron—certainly; and I hope we may not see your face for a month. We can manage very well without you."

"Thank you," rejoined Baron, "but I will quite likely return on Thursday."

"Going to the country?" demanded his employer.

"No! to Ambrose."

"To Ambrose—oh!" and Mr. Dewey, who was a young man, and rather handsome, elevated his eyebrows, and stroked his whiskers gently, as he crooked an elbow, significantly. It was immaterial to Baron Doyle what his employer thought; at the same time, he concluded to inform him of the nature of his errand.

"No, sir; nothing of the kind, I assure you. My sister is at the seminary; I am simply going to see her. I have not seen her for a year.

"Ah!—I was not aware," began Mr. Dewey, visibly surprised; then, altering his tone, "The fact is, Baron, we know so little about you, that the mere mention of your sister surprised me. So you have a sister, then. Have you more than one?"

"No!" replied Baron. "There is just the two of us."

"Ah! h-m! h-m! Has your sister been at Ambrose long?"

"Just one year."

Mr. Dewey cleared his throat a third time, and began to thrum upon the back of his chair with his fingers, bending his head forward, and gazing upon the floor abstractedly.

"He is wondering who supports my sister," thought Baron.

"By the way," began Mr. Dewey, suddenly, "do you know the Ralstons in Ambrose?"

"No!"

"Or the Taylors?"

"I am not acquainted with any one in Ambrose," responded Baron.

A gentleman entering the office at that moment, called Mr. Dewey aside, and Baron resumed his position behind the counter, wondering at his employer's questions and strange manner. The reader may learn from the above conversation something of Baron Doyle's nature. He never spoke of his own performances, much less of his self-denial or single-heartedness.

To take up the thread of my story again: Baron and the herring, and the volume of poems, were aboard of the magnificent packet which plied daily between the charming village of Ambrose, and the noisy, sooty city of Shuttleton. Baron admired the scenery of *La Belle River*, the handsome cabin, the rich furniture. He drank in the river breeze, and flattered himself that, after all, few people were happier than himself. He was delighted with everything—with the changing views the shore presented, and—— But no. He did not enjoy the tempting viands which were served up to the host of passengers. He did not even witness their disposal, but betook himself to the engine-room, for the purpose of examining the machinery, and nibbling his roll and herrings, stepping now this way, now that, and looking intently at the complicated iron and steel which surrounded him. Only once he uttered an exclamation—

"I'll never rely upon a Scotchman's word again! Scotch herring, indeed!" From which I infer that the herring was not altogether to his taste.

He had consumed half of his roll, and part of one of the herrings, when he was interrupted by a strange voice, and looking around, he perceived an elderly gentleman almost at his elbow.

"How do you like it, sir?" repeated the strange gentleman, as he steadied himself upon his gold-headed cane, and bent his positive black eyes upon the young man, who secreted the roll and herrings, hastily glancing at his interlocutor furtively, but too much discomfited to hazard a reply. Considering that the young man had fasted eight hours, perhaps the herring was not so very disagreeable after all; still, he could not imagine how such a fact could interest a stranger.

"Do you understand the principle of the new 'cut off,' sir?"

"The 'cut-off'!—oh!—ah! yes, I understand—that is, I understand what you mean, but I do not understand the 'cut-off,'" stammered the owner of the herrings.

"Umph! I thought you were in the business."

"No sir; still I can admire the workmanship displayed here."

"Umph! h-m! you should visit my establishment, corner of Iron and Steel streets. You will see much better work than this there, although we thought we were doing something handsome when we turned this out."

"So he is only the manufacturer, and is simply glancing over his old work—I thought he had seen the herring and roll," thought Baron Doyle, as he turned away, and sought the cabin, resolving to avoid farther risk of detection. Since he dressed like a gentleman, it behooved him to deport himself like a gentleman; and what gentleman was ever known to eat a Scotch herring in a stifling engine-room on a warm June day, when a table just over his head groaned with the choicest viands? Had he worn a coarse coat, and driven a cart, he could have tolerated the imputation of poverty, and possibly vulgarity; but, to be suspected of stinginess!—that was more than Baron Doyle could bear. So he carried his herring and the remainder of the roll to Ambrose.

When he reached Ambrose, he proceeded at once to the seminary, where he inquired for his sister. Mrs. Carver, who presided over the establishment, bestowed a gracious smile upon him, when he mentioned his name.

"Miss Doyle is visiting the Ralstons at present. The session commences to-morrow, you are aware. Miss Doyle purposed remain-



ing with us, but her friends prevailed upon her to give them a week or two. However, I will send a message to her immediately."

The room into which Baron was shown was almost bare of furniture, and totally unlike his conception of the parlor of a model seminary. However, it was a lovely night, and as the parlor door swung back heavily, he heard the patter of dainty feet, passing and repassing the door. They belonged to the lovely pupils, who were flitting about, humming snatches of song, whispering, laughing, talking, and scolding. Scarcely five minutes passed, ere Mrs. Carver reentered the parlor, attended by her son, a boy of ten.

"Your sister requests you to call upon her at her friends, Mr. Doyle. My son will accompany you; it is but a little distance."

Mr. Doyle bowed, and took his leave. When young Master Carver parted from him at Mrs. Ralston's door, and just as he extended a hand to the bell, he observed a familiar face approaching him from the garden. The next moment, his sister was twining her fingers in his hair, and smothering him with kisses. What was a score of sleepless nights, or as many summer hats, compared with that one moment? Miss Doyle led the way into the drawing-room, and presented him to Mrs. Ralston, a widow lady and her two daughters, who greeted the young man with a charming simplicity, that dissipated at once his last fear of formality. In a few minutes, Baron Doyle, who seldom went into society, felt perfectly at ease, and conversed as freely with the ladies, as though he had known them as many years. The conversation turning on the fine arts and poetry, Baron Doyle took advantage of a momentary lull, to address his sister—

"By the way, Emma, speaking of authors, I have a present for you."

"For me?" exclaimed Miss Doyle. It is Moore's Poems, I know it is—and you have it in your pocket—I feel it. Ah! how glad I am!" And as she spoke, she darted her little hand into his pocket, and brought forth a small parcel, saying, "How I shall enjoy Moore, now!" As she proceeded to open it, while Mrs. Ralston and her daughters looked on with a smile, that seemed to say, "That's as brother and sister should be!"

"Stay!" exclaimed Baron Doyle, hastily, as he caught his sister's hands, and endeavored to take the parcel from her.

"Now, Baron! Baron!—for shame!"

"But I—I assure you you have made a mistake," returned the brother holding her

hands tightly. "Besides, you should wait until I present it to you. I shall report to Mrs. Carver."

"Nonsense! when I have only one brother, can I not control him? I must see what it is that you value so much; if it is not the poems, it is something equally valuable."

So saying, she withdrew her hands from his suddenly, and darting across the room, laughingly, she opened the paper, exposing to the wondering gaze of Mrs. Ralston and her daughters a part of a twopenny roll, and a Scotch herring.

Oh, what a blunder was that, Emma Doyle! The hot blood rushed to her face, and tingled in her palms, as she withdrew her gaze from the tell-tale fragments, and fastened it upon her brother's face. And Baron!—how purple-red his face became as he met her gaze. One moment Miss Doyle held the fragments in her hand; then, crossing to her brother's side, replaced them in his pocket.

"See, now!" Baron managed to stammer at last, "you are no child, that I must carry a penny roll for you—and I'm sure you don't like Scotch herring as well as—but I shant say who; but, rest assured, I am not fond of them. But, come now; there is Moore for you, and don't puzzle your head anything about the herring. I'll explain that sometime again."

As he ceased speaking, his glance met that of Miss Ralston's, upon whose countenance he observed a singular expression.

"Well, I don't think you can give a sensible reason for carrying nasty old fish in your pocket," retorted his sister, with affected anger; but notwithstanding her manner, her annoyance was apparent. As it was then growing late, her brother signified his intention to take his leave; but he was immediately overruled by Mrs. Ralston, who prevailed upon him to accept a bed in her house.

When Baron Doyle awoke the next morning, his first movement was to throw open the shutters, that the brilliant sunlight might light up his room. As he stood beside the window, a murmur of voices beneath it arrested his attention.

"Say what you will, Bel; I am sure I am right."

"And I am just as positive that you are wrong."

"He is either stingy or vulgar, and yet he would pass for a gentleman."

"I declare, Clara, you never will be convinced that riches are not necessary to breed-

ing. Do you not like Emma? and is her brother not handsome and intelligent, with the manners of a gentleman?"

"And a passion for smoked herring, permit me to add. But I was not aware he had made such a favorable impression upon you, Bel."

There was an impatient rejoinder. Baron Doyle's eyes brightened, and his heart beat quicker as he caught the tone.

"Ah!" pursued the sister, "it needed but that to convince me that I was right. But pray how do you account for the herring?"

"That is more than I am inclined to undertake," replied Miss Ralston, for Baron had recognized the sisters' voices, "but it is possible that he could not afford a dinner on the packet, and so"—

"Dined on smoked herrings! ha, ha! Oh! Bel, that is simply absurd!—simply absurd, when one thinks of his dress, manner and fine sentiments."

"Have you not heard Emma saying he supported her, and that he is only a poor clerk?"

"Which only renders him more ridiculous. If he is able to support her, why does he carry herrings about with him? Surely you observed his embarrassment when Emma opened the paper?"

"I did, and I felt for him, Clara. He is kind to his sister, and I believe he is a gentleman."

"Tra-la-la! tra-la-la! la-la!—la-la! Well, well! I perceive you are in love with this knight of the herrings, and when one is in love!—there, there, Bel, I won't say another word; but I *do* declare your handsome gentleman has a decidedly queer taste!"

"You are not annoying me in the least, Clara; go on."

"But what will the fastidious Fred Dewey say to his intended brother's taste, Bel?"

Baron Doyle started.

"I think he will give himself less concern about it than you and I have done. He loves Emma, and I have no doubt he will marry her as soon as she leaves Ambrose. But s-t! There she is now, Clara; will you open the door?"

Baron Doyle paced his room and meditated. Fredrick Dewey, his employer, wed his sister! Impossible! She had never hinted at such a thing in her letters. There must be some mistake. And yet, now that he recollected it, Mr. Dewey's manner was very singular when he inquired if he (Baron) was acquainted with the Ralstons. Before he took his leave of

them, Baron found an opportunity to speak a word or two to his sister alone.

"O, Baron! how stupid I was last night," said his sister, as they stood alone in the parlor, "had I dreamed that?"—

"Say no more," replied the brother, "it was my own fault."

"But what *were* you doing with the fish, Baron? Surely"—

"Indeed they *were* for myself then, Emma. Is there any crime in dining on Scotch herrings when one is too poor to obtain better fare? I should have said nothing about it if it had not been for the affair of last night."

"But you came on the boat, Baron?"

"But I did not know that I would lodge with a friend of yours, and I had barely fifty-six cents in my pocket, besides my fare here and back, not including meals on the boat; but I had resolved to see you, and so I came."

"And yet you bought Moore for me! You are a *dear, good old fellow, Baron*, and I never can repay you for your kindness to me; never!"

There was a rustle in the next room, as if some person were passing the door, but it was so faint that Miss Doyle did not hear it. Baron waited a moment, until he was satisfied that the person had left the room, and then said,

"Emma, have you ever met a Mr. Dewey here?" She blushed vividly, as she replied slowly,

"I have, Baron—why do you ask?"

"Does he love you?" inquired the brother, paying no attention to her question in his eagerness.

"I—I think he does. But how did you learn this, Baron? I was going to write to you about it, and then"—

"Well, no matter what prevented you. I am not so anxious to get rid of my little sister; not I, birdie; but I respect Mr. Dewey, and I will have no fear in trusting my sister's happiness in his keeping."

"You know him, then?"

"Know him! what do you mean? Surely I know my own employer!"

"Your employer?"

"I don't understand this, Emma."

"I—I thought your employer was an old man—a married man," stammered the sister.

"He is only five years older than myself, and a very handsome bachelor at that! So you did not know that you were about to marry my employer? Did he never mention me?"

"No! Somehow I never thought of men—"

tioning your employment either; but," and here Miss Doyle blushed again, "we only met five or six times. To be sure, it was here, and Mr. Dewey was in the house all the time nearly, for he is a great favorite here; I think he is some sort of a relation too. But you must tell me, Baron, how you found it out."

"Nothing simpler. I overheard two young ladies talking this morning, and when they mentioned Mr. Dewey's name in connection with yours"—

"I see, I see! That was Clara's tongue, I'm sure; she teases me continually. But it is time we should break up our council,—it is only ten minutes to nine."

I need scarcely say that Baron Doyle returned to noisy Shuttleton in a gay humor. About a week afterwards his employer overtook him as he was leaving the store, and running his hand through Baron's arm carelessly said,

"I have just received a letter from Ambrose. You see what your secretiveness has done; I never knew till to-day that Miss Doyle was your sister. What an amusing mistake hers was though! Ha, ha! I laughed over it, or rather over her description of the person she imagined employed you, till my sides were sore. Rather amusing all round—I hope we may laugh over it when we are both gray haired, unless one or both of us takes to a wig."

"And so you have been living on two hundred and fifty a year, Baron. Well, wonders never will cease. Do you know, I have wasted as much in a month, and yet no one ever called me extravagant. You have learned me a lesson which I hope I may never forget, Baron."

"Perhaps if our positions were reversed I would be the pupil and you the teacher. I think I have only done what you or any other brother would do for an only sister, particularly when he had her welfare at heart," replied Baron, quietly.

"Ah! you don't know the world as well as I do. By the way, have you any particular liking for Scotch herring, Baron?"

"She has been telling that upon me too. I did think my sister had a trifle of discretion, but I am beginning to doubt it."

"You should read her letter to me, Baron, it would bring tears to your eyes. In fact, I am jealous of you; she fairly doats upon you. Ah! if you only knew what she says about those herrings!"

"Nonsense! exclaimed Baron Doyle, "nonsense!" but his eyes were half dim with tears.

"You may 'pooh! pooh!' and say 'nonsense!' but I understand you now, Baron—I only wish I had known you as well two years ago. But it is not too late yet; and I flatter myself that"—

Here Mr. Dewey checked himself suddenly. "You are like all the rest of the world," said Baron. "If a man only does his duty you straightway set him up as a model and eulogize him."

Doubtless there was a great deal of truth in the remark; nevertheless, it is very refreshing to find men or women who have the courage to perform their duty.

When nine months rolled around, Miss Doyle became Mrs. Dewey. The Deweys have many a laugh and joke over a tolerable picture which hangs over the mantel-piece in the dining-room. The picture was painted by Mrs. Dewey herself, and is a very simple thing. It merely represents part of a twopenny roll and a Scotch herring on a piece of brown paper.

But I forgot to mention that Baron Doyle has visited Ambrose several times since his sister's marriage. I may relate part of a conversation which occurred between Miss Ralston, or rather Bel Ralston, as her friends and acquaintances call her, and Baron Doyle, upon the occasion of his last visit.

"Will you tell me one thing, Bel. I have often wondered why you favored a poor clerk, when so many wealthy suitors were at hand."

"I think I can explain it to your satisfaction," responded the lady, demurely. "Do you remember your first visit here?"

"Distinctly; I think I can never forget it."

"Then you remember a little incident."

"Perfectly well do I remember the 'incident,' Bel."

"Well, Baron, I obtained a glimpse at your real nature when your sister opened the paper containing the smoked herring. I surmised the truth at once; afterwards I overheard you talking with Emma, and I said to myself, a man who practices so much self denial for a sister will surely be attentive to a wife."

"Then you were guilty of eavesdropping! So it appears after all that I owe my good fortune to a SCOTCH HERRING."

LADY S——R was complaining one morning at breakfast, that the tea was very bad, and said she was quite sure the water did not boil; "Nay," said she, "the urn didn't even hiss when it was brought in." "No," said Sir W. E., "it was *tacit-urn*."

## The Sunbeam's Mission.

BY LILIAS M.

A golden sunbeam, sparkling, fell  
Within a narrow prison-cell,  
And to the sullen being there,  
Weighed down with guilt and dark despair,  
It came, endued with wondrous art,  
To thrill and touch his hardened heart.

The prisoner bowed his head in thought  
That sunny ray like magic wrought;  
He seemed to see again the trees  
Tossing green branches to the breeze.  
Again, as when a child, he played  
Beneath the tangled wildwood shade;  
Or bent above the limpid stream,  
To watch each bubbling ripple gleam.

Fair Fancy brought to his glad gaze  
Visions of many by-gone days,  
When light of heart, and gay with hope,  
He stood upon the far hill-slope,  
And watched the distant, gleaming sail,  
Or buoyant wandered down the dale.  
All life to him seemed bright and fair,  
Undimmed by sin, untouched by care.

Now, seen by memory's bright'ning light,  
Forth gleams upon his yearning sight  
Another scene—a fair-haired boy,  
Forgetting for the time each toy,  
Is bending by his mother's knee,  
Lisping the prayers of infancy;  
His eyes are raised to Heaven above,  
Hers bless him with a mother's love.

Her hand clasps his, and softly now  
She presses on his upturned brow  
Full many a kiss—each fond caress  
Betokening her deep tenderness.  
He cannot gaze upon that scene!  
A yawning gulf now lies between  
The Past and Present—o'er his soul  
The billowy tide of sin doth roll;  
The prisoner groans, in accents wild,  
"Would God I'd died a pure young child!"

Amid his smothered sighs and moans,  
He seems to hear again the tones  
Of her loved voice, repeating o'er  
The holy truths taught years before;  
The long pent tears soon leave their trace  
Upon his furrowed, care-worn face.

The thought of that pure, holy time,  
Still haunts his soul—as oft some chime  
Of music, heard in days of yore,  
The heart keeps chanting o'er and o'er;  
The prisoner, rent with grief and pain,  
Lives o'er the long fled Past again;  
And, touched and softened, on the air,  
He pours a penitential prayer.

That sunny ray hath passed from sight,  
Yet, through the watches of the night,  
A brighter ray doth joy impart  
To that worn prisoner's bleeding heart;  
The Sun of Righteousness hath risen—  
The prisoner sees the light of Heaven!

## In Three Letters.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

LETTER 1st.

July 12th, 1860.

I have sent my thoughts hunting after you many days, dear Cousin Espy, but they have come back, bringing no "Olive Branches" of love and cheer to the closed windows of my soul, and because to-day the floods seem to have gone up high on the mountains of my life, and because there comes a strong wind from the east, where I used to look off and see the shining landscapes of my future, with their leaping waters, and laughing sunshine, I take up my pen to repeat the voice of my heart, calling after you. It is a still day in mid-summer, full of ripeness, odor, and with a film of gauze over the sky, which is a faint suggestion of rain. I am, at this present writing, all alone, with the exception of two domestics, in the great, gray old house, where we have passed so many happy hours together.

Papa has been gone a week, and when he returns he will bring with him his new wife, my stepmother, the second Mrs. Augustus Campbell.

How strange it looks on the paper when I write it; how strange it sounds in the ear to which I repeat it, and how strange it must seem to the lips to which it must become a familiar household word; but never a sweet and sacred one, linking with itself all that is most precious, and tenderest, and holiest in the memories of my life!

I think papa felt sad when he left me, though he has seemed in remarkably good spirits during the spring and summer.

I suppose the grief he saw in my face threw a shadow over him, although I tried to look and to be cheerful to the last; and until I wished him a "pleasant journey, a happy wedding," on the morning of his leaving, I managed to keep a steady face, if it was not a glad one.

Then the tears came in a swift, sudden jet. Father took me to his heart, and only said, "God bless you, my dear daughter, Adelaide," and left me.

The day previous I had gone into the parlor to fill the vases on the mantel with roses and



mignonette. I opened the windows, and the morning sunshine, streamed in a great, rejoicing flood upon the two portraits which hang in the alcove beyond the mantel. I stood still and gazed at the one on the right.

My mother, as you know, Cousin Espy, was in the full blossoming of her womanhood when that was painted.

I remembered so well the soft, delicate oval of the face, the deep lips, with their sweet, natural gravity, ever chased away by swiftly running smiles; the deep, steady, river-blue eyes, whose changes were eternal witnesses to the gravity or the smiles; and the dead brown, lustrous hair, whose luxuriance made it a heavy weight for the delicate head that it crowned, all sat gracious and beautiful in my memory, as it did in the oval portrait overhead. "Adelaide;" the voice was at my shoulder, and turning, I saw my father, and his eyes went from my face to the portrait of my mother.

"It is very like your mother," he said, after he had looked at it, gravely and sadly for a few moments.

"Yes, mamma was a very beautiful woman, papa."

"Very; strangers who did not know, or love her face, said that. The artist has not flattered, he has only faithfully translated it."

"I remember the time mamma had that painted."

"You do?" with some surprise.

"Perfectly well; I was six at the time; and you were anxious to have them ready for Grandpa and Grandma, who were to visit us at Christmas."

"I had been quite ill with a cold, and when the time came for mamma to go to the city to sit for her portrait, I was quite broken hearted, and sobbed, like the baby I was."

"I remember how you stood in the front door, snapping your riding whip, with your 'Come, come, Elizabeth;' and mamma took me on her knee and soothed me, and at last turned up a doubtful face to you."

"Perhaps I had better stay at home, Augustus, after all. Our little girl is sick."

"Nonsense, Elizabeth, I can't give up your picture for such a small matter. If Adelaide will be a good girl, and not cry, papa will bring her a pretty wax doll when he comes home."

"With blue eyes, and real black curls, papa?"

"Just so; if she'll dry up her tears, and promise not to shed another, until we come back."

"So I was pacified; and stood with Fred at the window watching you, as you drove off, with visions of a blue-eyed, black-haired doll haunting my thoughts."

Papa listened with a face of pleased interest to my story.

"I remember buying the doll," he said, "and that we had a ride home in the rain to pay for it."

"And the portrait was ready, and my doll was dressed for Christmas."

These words suddenly extinguished the pleasure in my father's face; and I knew that that long ago merry Christmas had arisen out of the years and come back to him, with the company of loving faces gathered about the fire-place in the back sitting-room; the company of faces of which the larger part was lying now, under green and maple seams of myrtle and grass.

So, for a long time, we stood silent before the portraits; at last I asked, stirred by almost the first emotion of curiosity I had known since he told me,

"Does the lady resemble my mother, in anywise?"

"Not in person."

"Is she fine looking?"

"Yes, very; though not your mother's style; larger, somewhat, with a calm, pleasant, winning face; her manner is full of composure to suit the face. Indeed, I do not think she could ever have been a person so impulsive and spontaneous as your mother; though I may be mistaken here; time and trial have chastened her character and her manner."

Then she had had griefs, this new, living wife and mother that was coming to take the place of the dead one. My thoughts went out to her, for the first time, with a small feeling of sympathy.

"Mrs. Marshall has been a widow for some time, I think you told me."

"For five years. When her husband died she was just the age of that," nodding towards the portrait.

"Why, she is younger than I suspected."

"She is hardly thirty-five, and does not look her years."

"Is her family large?"

"She has one married sister, and a brother, younger than either, a physician; I believe he has just entered upon his practice."

I thought papa was pleased at the interest my questions indicated, but at that moment he was summoned away by the gardener; and we did not resume the subject again. And this

long week of his absence, I have passed mostly with my mother and my brother in heaven.

It is four years last month since dear mamma gave me her last blessing, and two next month since Frederic followed her.

You knew them both, sweet Cousin Espy. Stearns and you know, too, that daughter and sister seldom have cause to mourn as I mourned. This morning, for the first time, I went down the old country road, where Fred and I took our last walk.

It seemed that he came back and walked with me; and I saw his handsome, roguish face, and heard his laugh as the echoes caught, and tossed, and broke it, amongst the distant hills.

That morning was a morning that might have been twin-sister to this, with its fragrant, soft, bleating winds, laden with rich, piney scents, and its veil of gauze floating in lucent folds over the sky.

I came, after awhile, to the old plum tree that stood at the corner of the orchard, where Fred and I paused.

"Sis," he said, peering up into the tree, "I do believe some of those plums at the top are dark purple."

"So they are. Oh, Fred!—if they were ripe!"

"I won't be long in finding out," he said, and in one moment he was up in the tree, and the next, a storm of ripe purple plums pelted down on my head; and when it was over, there was Fred at the top of the tree, his handsome face laughing down on me amidst its green frame of boughs.

After he had descended, and while we were sitting on the ground, dispatching the plums, he suddenly put his hand to his head.

"What is the matter, Fred?"

"Nothing, I guess; only I've had a kind of dull pain there this last week."

"You have? It must be because you've studied so hard to get through." You remember, he had just left the law school.

"Nonsense, Ada. We'll take a sail this afternoon, and that will drive the pain off. Nothing ails me but want of fresh air and exercise."

Alas! how little did I dream as I gazed on that young face, my heart full of sisterly pride and tenderness, that all that manly grace and beauty would soon be lying in the grasp of that terrible typhoid fever, whose chains of fire could only be unloosed when the "cool banner of the King of Death" waved at last over those hot, throbbing temples!

Fred and I never took that promised sail on the river; never went again hand in hand for morning walk or evening ramble out of the gray old house again.

That afternoon he complained of a strange languor and sleepiness, and I insisted on his lying down. Alas! that headache, of which he had spoken so lightly, was the warning, ringing down to ears that did not hear, and heads that did not understand that the end was at hand. Oh, mother!—oh, brother!

And as I thought of this betwixt my tears, sitting under the plum tree, there came over me a sharp, fierce, defiant feeling, towards the woman who had come in her living pride and strength, to take the place and the honor of the dead. My heart rose up bitter and stern against her as I thought of this, and for a little time I resolved that I would meet her with frigid politeness, and that for my mother's sake, and for the honor of her hallowed memory, her successor in name and place should find every door and window of my heart jealously barred and guarded against her.

And then a voice whispered in my heart through the silence of the summer morning—"You will not do this thing, oh, Adelaide Campbell! You will receive, with all gentle and welcoming courtesies, the stranger who is coming to wear the name, and stand in the place of your mother in Heaven. You will smooth all that is new and difficult to her in the home to which she has come, and you will show to her constantly, by word and manner, that the sacred and tender relation which she occupies to your father, is one which secures your respect and solicitude; and you will do this to the living, not simply in honor of the dead, but because you believe it is the way of truth, right, and of duty."

And kneeling down there under the plum tree, I, who came to it two years ago with rejoicing and laughter—who came now alone, and bowed down with tears and heart-aching, prayed God that "according to my day, my strength might be."

I have gotten all things ready for their coming, Cousin Espy. I have made the cake with my own hands, and dressed the tables and mantels with our choicest flowers, and with the second train to-morrow, I shall expect to look upon the face of my father's wife.

#### *A Day and a half Later.*

They are come, Espy! It was at a time when I least expected it, that they made their advent, and it all happened on this wise: I

was suddenly summoned from my writing by Dinah, who required some assistance in the gooseberry jam she was preparing for the dinner, to which the newly married pair were expected the next day.

"My eyes are too old to make out the figures now-a-days," she said, as I entered the kitchen, and found her standing by the table, holding her "steelyards," from one end of which was suspended a large pail of sugar.

"Wont you please tell me, Miss Adelaide, how much sweetnin' I've got here?—you know I must have pound for pound."

I had just bent down to the long line of grooves on the bar of steel, when a loud peal at the door-bell startled us all. The next moment, Martha entered the kitchen in a great flurry of excitement and curiosity.

"Don't you think, *they've* come, this blessed minute!"

Dinah set down her steelyards with a groan of amazement and despair. My heart gave a great bound, and then stood still; but I commanded myself the next moment, for it was no time to yield to one's feelings now. I ran up the back stairs to my room, and hastily arranged my hair, and then I went down with a quiet face at least, into the parlor. Papa came to meet me, with a beaming countenance, and led me forward to the sofa.

"Adelaide, my daughter," he said, "I present you here to your new mother," and there rose up to meet me a lady of stately presence, and pale, refined, agreeable countenance, who said to me, in low, clear, sweet tones—

"I am very glad to see you, my daughter."

And, Cousin Espy, from that moment I *liked* her—my stepmother. I think my face told her so, as well as my manner. She is as unlike my own mamma as two occupying the same position and relations could possibly be imagined. The second Mrs. Augustus Campbell is, in short, a calm, ladylike self-possessed, amiable, and cultivated woman—just the one to sympathize with my father's scholarly tastes and habits, and, with her excellent good sense, and well balanced mind, to draw him out of the introverted life, to which you know he has too strong a tendency.

Picture to yourself a woman rather above medium height, slow and graceful in her movements, with dark, fine gray eyes, and hair to suit the eyes. One whose whole manner and expression give you an impression of quiet energy and self-respect. I cannot imagine it possible that during her whole life, she has

ever done anything rude, or inappropriate to the place and circumstances.

The first dinner went off very nicely, though we were all taken by surprise. It appears papa had sent me a letter several days before, informing me of his intended return a day sooner than he had anticipated, but the letter was singularly delayed.

After dinner, I took my stepmother through the house, over which she was just installed mistress. She seemed much pleased with it.

The more I see of her, the more I *like* her. She will respect my rights, position, feelings, as I shall hers, and we shall never intrude on each other; and there will, I firmly believe, be none of the petty jealousies and heart-burnings which so frequently attend the introduction of a new mother into a household where there are grown-up children.

I had gone out on the back veranda after tea, to walk awhile with my own thoughts, when papa came out softly, and drew my arm in his. He parted my hair from my forehead, and looked into my eyes with all his old tenderness.

"How do you like your —" I knew it was because we were alone that he paused here.

"Mrs. Campbell? Very much, papa. I am pleased—glad at your choice."

This gratified him much, and then he went on to tell me something about the wedding, and what a quiet matter it had been, with only a few indulged relatives and friends present. I looked at my father, and did not wonder that he had won the affection of the gentle and gracious, and still youthful widow.

I cannot believe that this summer has made him fifty. His tall, slender figure, his fine, thoughtful face, his black hair, with its sparse sprinkling of gray, all bear his years lightly.

Three days have the newly married pair dwelt together under their own roof. We have had a few quiet little tea parties, but no reception. Papa is not fond of these, and his wife desired her advent here should be quiet and informal as possible. So, Cousin Espy, dearest relative but one whom I have on earth, you will give me joy that all is so well with me—that though I commenced this letter under black and brooding clouds, I close it now amid the leaping of sunshine, and the singing of birds in my heart!

Green be the boughs that shelter your life, oh, dearly beloved, and may we both walk in God's peace, prayeth from her grateful heart,

Your loving

ADELAIDE CAMPBELL.

## LETTER 2d.

*August 12th.*

"From whom is your letter, Annie?" said my father to his wife, as she laid it down on her work-basket, while he lifted his eyes from the paper.

"It is from brother Theodore, dear," and he says that he shall look in upon the tent I have pitched among the hills, next week."

I was idling after my old fashion, Cousin Espy, over a new volume of Tennyson's idyls, which my father had brought me the day before, and I paused in the midst of my reading, and looked up with some faint stirring of curiosity, about this young physician who was my stepmother's brother.

"Will he bring his family with him?" I asked.

My father and mother exchanged smiles.

"I do not think he will, Adelaide," answered the latter, "as he is at present in possession of no domestic incumbrances."

I was thoroughly surprised, and a little bit annoyed that I had betrayed any curiosity respecting the young gentleman's domestic relations, though I was very foolish for being so.

"I am glad he is coming, Adelaide," said my father. He'll brighten up your life, which I'm sometimes afraid is too much of the dead level order. He's a real spicy, genial, spontaneous fellow."

"Yes; he took after my father," answered my mother, dropping her scissors on the carpet while she spoke.

"That accounts for your not looking more alike, my dear," said papa, picking up the scissors. "There is not the faintest family resemblance betwixt you."

Just then, Dinah summoned us to tea; so the conversation respecting my mother's brother was dropped.

And here, Cousin Espy, I must tie a knot in the loose thread of my writing, and tell you how much I like this kind, thoughtful stepmother of mine. She is so gentle, so considerate, so watchful for my happiness in all things, and I see that she is quite devoted to papa.

I can say now from my heart that I am glad my father took her to wife. She will be cheer and comfort to him. God grant that his years shall blossom into old age. Then you know she is only eleven years my senior, and seems more like an elder sister than a mother to me. Once more, give me joy, oh, sweet Cousin Espy.

One day in the following week, papa and his wife had gone out to ride. I was deeply engrossed in filling a basket of brown and beryl mosses with scarlet berries and evergreens, which I had been fashioning with much pains for our bay window in the sitting-room.

I had pressed Martha into my service, and had just crimped the edge of the basket with trailing arbutus, amongst which I had scattered a variety of scarlet pendants.

"There, Martha," getting up while I spoke, and shaking the leaves and stems from my apron, "just hand me that chain of beads and blue ribbon—I'll have this hung in a hurry."

"Miss Adelaide," she exclaimed, in a half warning, half solicitous tone, which made me turn round quickly, and there stood a gentleman, neither tall nor short, with a pair of very dark eyes, in which at this moment lurked a very significant laugh, and hair whose brown matched the eyes, and a mouth which had plenty of force in it, and the same suggestion of humor which were in the eyes. I scarcely think the face was a handsome one, but it was a good, strong, intellectual one.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I only obeyed directions in coming in here. It appeared that Dinah had asked the gentleman into the sitting-room, and as I was obscured by the alcove, had gone in search of me. The truth flashed suddenly across me.

"I presume I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Kent, the brother of my new mother?"

He bowed; and this time the humor was emphasized into a pleasant smile, which was like a sudden illumination to the whole face. "And I consequently have the honor of being your uncle, Theodore Kent," and he gave me his hand, with a mixture of grave courtesy in his manner, and amusement in his face, which fairly upset my risibles, and we joined in a hearty laugh over our new relationship.

Then we sat down together; and I could not be long in becoming acquainted with Theodore Kent. He is just what papa called him—genial, spontaneous, with a great fund of humor, and a great relish for it in others; yet, through all the natural sparkle and effervescence of his conversation, you feel there is an undercurrent of deep, earnest thought and purpose.

"You are not at all like your sister," I said, looking at the young gentleman for some faint traces of family likeness.

"Not in the least, I suspect. We used always to call Annie 'the small lady,' when she was



a girl, she was such a dignified, stately little body; just the best sort of an elder sister to such a harum scarum little rogue as I was."

We had just hung the moss basket in the window, when papa and his wife came in.

My mother was startled out of her usual sweet placidness. "Why, Theodore!" she said, running to him, and throwing both arms about his neck, and kissing him; and the tears were bright in her eyes.

"I'm sorry we were not here to welcome you," said papa, as he gave him his hand,

"You need not be, my dear sir. I found the most agreeable of hostesses," was the courteous answer.

It was time for supper now, and afterwards we had a most agreeable evening.

"Dr. Kent is most interesting in conversation, and he has passed two years in Europe; and I had no ordinary banquet listening to the accounts of his travels in Spain, where he passed six months, and his account of the social and moral aspect of the country. Yesterday morning I had nicely settled myself for an hour with my German, in the little room which opens out on the West piazza, when the Doctor came in.

He took the book from my hands with a smile which asked permission. I did not study my German alone that day.

Doctor Kent speaks the language fluently, for he passed two years at a German University, and after our lesson was finished, our talk went right and left on matters political, historical, social, religious—and somehow, I cannot tell in what wise, it drifted into this current:—

"You must have seen many beautiful and accomplished women in your travels," I said.

"Beautiful women of all the nations of the earth, and of the highest rank, and possessed of every accomplishment which renders a woman lovely and attractive."

"And yet"—I said, and then I paused and blushed for my acquaintance of a day. He understood me, and he smiled on me such a grave, frank, and yet half mournful smile, that I felt I had no cause for embarrassment.

"And yet," he said, "I brought away my heart unstirred from them all—not because I lack susceptibility, I believe, not because my fancy and taste, every æsthetic tendency of my nature was not satisfied to the uttermost; but because, Miss Adelaide, my heart could never offer its life-long homage to any woman, simply and only for her beauty, her grace, her brilliancy.

"I feel, and admire all these things; but they are to me like a rare and beautiful flower, without fragrance, unless they are the outward adorning of true Christian womanhood; of its gentleness and humility, its self-sacrifice and sincerity. I could not trust my life to the keeping of any woman, whose heart had not that Anchor for her soul, this Island of Refuge when the winds blew, and the rains beat upon her."

I did not doubt one word of all the Doctor said, neither would you, oh, wondering Cousin Espy, if you had sat where I did, hearing his tones, seeing his face. And it must appear to you very singular that, with an acquaintance of less than twenty-four hours, this new guest of ours should have spoken to me, as few men would be likely to, unless inspired by long and intimate friendship.

This thought flashed across me once; but, after all, there seemed no inappropriateness in the confidence. And while we talked, we caught a glimpse through the open window of papa and his new wife among the grape vines; and he was holding down a cluster of the ripe fruit for her to pluck.

"How happy she looks!" said her brother. "Poor Annie!" and I knew that this was spoken for her past and not her present life.

The Doctor glanced at me, and penetrated my thoughts.

"There were six of the fairest years of her youth," he said, "that went over her head in storm and darkness. Her first husband was little less than a brute; a dissolute, unprincipled man; and she bore, for six years, patient and uncomplaining with unkindness, neglect, sometimes cruelty on his part."

And hearing these words, Cousin Espy, my heart ached with pity for my new mother.

Here I must close; for papa is waiting to carry this to the office.

How I wish you were here, oh, daughter of the only sister my mother ever had, sweet and loving Cousin Espy; my pen may not write, but out of its abundant affection beareth true witness the heart of

ADELAIDE CAMPBELL.

#### LETTER 3d.

September 25th.

I come to you once more, oh, Cousin Espy, with a heart shaking with tremulous joy, and wonder, and gratitude. It is midnight, and because the solemn stars are in the sky, and the holy quiet upon the earth, I have chosen this time to tell you the one secret, which this day

I have taken and locked up in my heart. I cannot do this, oh, well beloved, with many words; your woman's instincts will penetrate all that lies beyond the utterance of lip or pen, and hold silent jubilee with me.

To commence then; you will be greatly startled to learn that Doctor Kent has passed most of the last month with us, and of course we have been thrown constantly together. We have had delicious autumn weather, and rambles in the woods, and sails on the river, and walks in the grounds, and horseback rides every morning. Of course we could not be thrown so much in each other's society without a growing intimacy.

He has read to me, and I have sung and played to him; our talk has touched every subject—grave and gay, profound and frivolous; and the humor, indigenous to the soul of Theodore Kent, has broke and flashed like the quick, leaping waters of a fountain along his words; and yet, listening to him, you feel always that the light thought rests on earnest purpose and solemn truth.

"For the root of some grave, earnest thought is understruck so lightly,  
As to justify the foliage, and the waving flowers above."

Yesterday we were all assembled in the sitting-room. Papa and the Doctor had been talking politics, and over matters in Europe awhile; mother was at work on some embroidery, and her brother was snapping the margin of the newspaper with her scissors.

"Come, Theodore, give up those this minute," with a playful attempt at authority. "You are at your old tricks again. Don't you remember how you broke two pairs of scissors for me when you were a boy?"

"Yes, and saved my sixpences for a month, Annie, to buy you another, much handsomer than those which had received a compound fracture at my hands."

"You were more generous then than now, for you haven't given me a wedding present, yet."

"That is a shame, Annie. I'd quite forgotten it. You know men are not apt to think of these things as women do."

"But uncles usually do remember to bring their nieces presents. It's a duty the relationship involves," laughed my mother, as she glanced at me, where I sat by the table, busy in arranging some plants in my herbarium.

We have had considerable sport over the new relationship existing betwixt myself and Doctor Kent; there is something particularly

incongruous in its title, as he happens to be only four years my senior, and does not look his age.

"Sure enough, Miss, with my sex's usual stupidity, I'd forgotten that also."

"Well, we'll just jostle his memory, mother, the next time he goes into town with papa."

I laughed, as I rose up, taking my herbarium. The Doctor followed me into the hall. "Miss Adelaide," he said, "if I bring you a present will you promise me to accept it, whatever it be?"

"Oh, of course. I never refuse a gift," I answered, lightly, though there was a certain gravity in the Doctor's face and manner, which I did not quite understand.

"That is all, only you must remember," turning away, and I went up stairs a good deal puzzled.

This morning papa and the Doctor went into town.

Late in the afternoon, I went down into the small arbor by the garden wall, which you will remember, with a volume of Mrs. Browning's, and was soon lost in that marvelous poem of hers, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

Sudden footsteps along the gravel walk at last roused me, and in a moment Doctor Kent entered. He had returned about half an hour previous, and been searching for me through the house and over the grounds.

He took the book from my hands, and finished, in a voice which lent new power and pathos to the poem, that story, which exalts and crowns true man and womanhood above all factitious circumstances of high birth, or wealth, or honor.

After he had finished, we talked awhile of the poem and the poetess, and then a silence fell into our talking, in which we heard only the voices of the birds, and the ebb and flow of the breeze.

At last the Doctor spoke. "Miss Adelaide, you remember your promise yesterday?"

"What?"

"That you would accept whatever gift I brought you?"

"Yes."

He took my hand away from the book on which it was lying.

"I have brought you a present which I never gave to any woman before, because you are the only one who ever embodied that sweetness and truth, that strength and gentleness; above all, that Christian principle, which my manhood asks of womanhood."

"Adelaide, you are the type of my ideal

woman; the long search of my heart is over.  
*I have brought you a ring.* Will you accept  
 and wear it, knowing all of which it must be  
 the sign and token?"

Cousin Espy, I had no words for answer,  
 but a new light, and a new joy, trembled all  
 over me. I think he understood, for he slipped  
 the ring on the third finger of my left hand;  
 and then he drew me to his heart.

"Adelaide!"

"Theodore!"

It is a pleasant and graceful name; and my  
 voice slipped naturally and tenderly along the  
 syllables, as though they fitted it. And what  
 else we said in the three hours that we sat  
 there—oh, Espy, no pen and no paper must  
 ever tell. When the tea bell rang Theodore  
 and I went together up to the house.

Papa and his wife sat by the window smiling  
 and chatting, and waiting for us. Theodore  
 led me to papa and showed him the ring on  
 my finger, and said, "Will you give her to  
 me?"

And after he had recovered from his sur-  
 prise, papa blessed us both, and called us his  
 children; and mother wept tears which she  
 said were tears of joy; and then she asked  
 Theodore whether he would be her brother or  
 her son-in-law one of these days, for she  
 couldn't make out herself. And he told her she  
 was quite good enough for a double relation-  
 ship. So, Espy, you know all. My heart is  
 not weary, but my hand is, and in a little  
 while the stars will be growing dim for the  
 dawn.

Give me joy for the present; and come with  
 the next spring birds to be my bridesmaid,  
 and pray for me that I may be a good, and  
 true, and loving wife, to the good and noble  
 man who has chosen me out of all the  
 women in the world, to love and to cherish.  
 that I may walk through life with him, doing my  
 woman's work, bearing my woman's burdens,  
 loving and blessing with my woman's heart,  
 and wifely service to the full; and that Theo-  
 dore Kent shall be a better man because he  
 has taken to wife

The cousin of your love,  
 ADELAIDE CAMPELL.

## Address to Niagara.

A pilgrim to thy shrine, Niagara,  
 I heard afar thy sullen voice, deep-mouthed  
 Like mutterings of some fateful oracle.  
 Still as the fascination drew me on,  
 The stunning uproar swelled upon my ear,  
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With such continuous and overwhelming power,  
 As drowned all thought or feeling rational.  
 Pale fear took hold on me and shook my heart,  
 But with returning confidence, returns  
 A loftier mood, fit for such lofty theme;  
 When mingling gradual with my listening thoughts  
 Softens its terrors, till at length it comes  
 Like music—music that hath meaning in it.  
 Ye intermeddling passions, peace. Be still,  
 Intruding thought, and let my inmost soul  
 Drink in the strain that pours melodious  
 From yonder organ-loft of nature's fane.  
 Inspiring music, oft in dreams, methinks,  
 Thy solemn tones have come to me betimes,  
 As angels ministrant of mild reproof,  
 Though awe attend thy deep, stern eloquence.  
 Then have I wept and promised to repent;  
 And waking I have cherished the dread peal,  
 Till it became a well remembered voice  
 To soothe and cheer me in my lonely hours.  
 We are not strangers. Oft have we communed  
 The whiles thou didst discourse of things eternal.  
 E'en now, as in a waking dream, thou hold'st  
 Fast locked my senses that they dare not stir,  
 Lest they disturb the awful charm that reigns  
 In the deep silence which thou dost impose;  
 And I should lose one note of that high song  
 Which human discord cannot interrupt.

O sacred minstrelsy, enchant me still;  
 And mingle with earth's thousand other hymns  
 To magnify the skill that pitched thy pipes  
 To loftiest symphonies. Servant of God,  
 The sermon thou dost preach hath reached my heart.  
 The seed which thou dost scatter with thy spray,  
 Shall spring to full fruition in my soul,  
 And shall bring forth the blessed fruits of peace.  
 For though thy rostrum be the naked rock,  
 And the vexed elements fit audience  
 Of thy rude ministry, thou'rt yet to me  
 True harbinger of peace. Thy voice, long heard,  
 Becomes familiar as a mother's voice,  
 That whispers peace; and I could lay me down  
 Amid thy din and calmly fall asleep,  
 E'en as a child soothed by a lullaby.

What apparition from the spirit land  
 Dilates my startled sense with grand surprise!  
 I saw thee in the distance like a cloud,  
 But not intently could peruse thy form.  
 The eye was then subservient to the ear,  
 That would admit no partner in her joys,  
 Thus the rich melody possessed me whole.  
 But now on near approach, and looking up,  
 As wakened from a dream, I see—I see  
 What laboring words would vainly strive to paint.

A flood thou seemest, coming in thy might  
 Again to overwhelm the guilty world,  
 (As taught in parable of Noe's time.)  
 And, for a moment, weak in faith, we doubt  
 The promise, till we look upon thy brow  
 Where God hath set His rainbow for a token.

Hail, bow of promise, never more shall flood  
Of falsehood's turbid waters drown the earth,  
In one wide deluge, suffocating good.  
Hail, bow of promise, from henceforth the floods  
Shall symbol only plenteousness of truth,  
Whose fountains, erewhile sealed, now broken up,  
Do leap forth joyous in their liberty,  
And spread their healing waters everywhere;  
And purge away the accumulated dust  
That hath disguised the real forms of things,  
And shew them as they are, or good or ill.

O, ever haunt my mind, thou vision bright,  
Impress thine image on my glowing brain  
With spiritual seal indelible;  
That frequent fancy may contemplate thee,  
Eternity upon time's canvas drawn.  
There art thou as thou hast been from of old,  
In undiminished beauty and full strength,  
Retaining all the freshness of thy youth.  
Time groweth old: thy twin born rocks decay,  
And crumbling piecemeal drop into their graves,  
Dug by thy feet, receding with slow step,  
Whose each enduring track marks centuries.  
But thou remainest, yesterday, to-day,  
Perhaps forevermore the same, unchanged,  
Worthy thine origin, and His fit type.  
On that majestic forehead calmness dwells,  
While at thy feet tempest and whirlpool rage,  
A vast abyss of power beyond control.  
Call it Omnipotence in miniature,  
If such resemblance traced offend Him not,  
Who did perhaps conceive the high design  
As a remembrancer to thoughtless man.  
Stupendous fountain, I could worship thee,  
But that I know thy greater Fountain head  
The Wellspring of all life, whence we came out,  
And whither we return.

#### Perennial Source,

In such least rills from thy Infinity,  
As in a broken mirror, parts of Thee  
Are seen obscurely. What art Thou entire?—  
In Thy unveiled Originality?  
In vain imagination plumes her wings,  
Such height sublime she may not hope to reach.

O, my purged bosom; O, my lifted soul;  
My bosom purged as with yon waters pure,  
And lifted from the mire of selfishness  
My soul, till self appear absorbed in God;  
Once having seen, once having heard and felt  
The almost manifested Deity,  
Canst thou again descend to groveling thoughts?  
Canst thou return again as the washed swine  
Unto her wallowing? It cannot be,  
While memory survives she shall hold up  
Before thy view this emblem of thy Lord;  
The undying echo of this sevenfold trump  
Accompanying thee forevermore  
Shall urge thee on to deeds approved of heaven.

## Olive May.

BY ALMENA C. S. ALLARD.

Sweet May had made a crown for June,  
And smiling, placed it on her head;  
And velvet sandals, soft and green,  
'Broidered with roses, earth to tread;  
A thousand censers of perfume,  
In languor drooped their heads to rest,  
Upon the zephyr's silken wing,  
As he their fragrant forms caressed.

College vacation, and we closed  
Our tyrant books with happy smile,  
And Discipline's handcuffs shook off,  
Forgetful of restraint awhile;  
'Twas a sweet morning, and the world  
Wore, clasped by stars, her robe of gray,  
As I walked by the cottage white,  
The cottage home of Olive May.

The window sash I saw was raised,  
A white face, looking from the vines,  
Seemed that of some pale Peri, there  
To fill with odor blossom shrines;  
The sun arose, as a bright smile  
Dawns o'er a face grown dark with woe,  
When suddenly some new-born hope  
Shines o'er it with a happy glow.

The pale face at the window, flushed,  
As did the eastern sky before;  
I looked again, but it was gone,  
I saw the vines, but nothing more;  
Yet, at the noon-tide, and at night,  
Each hour of that summer day  
I thought of those soft, soul-lit eyes,  
And murmured, "Olive!—Olive May!"

That cottage was my cynosure,  
My walks all centered at its door,  
Cupid had never touched my heart,  
I said, 'twas friendship, nothing more;  
Yet a new presence seemed to blend  
With all my spirit, day by day,  
And of each song Hope sung to me,  
The interlude was "Olive May."

Time would not wait; again I locked  
The summer arbors of my soul;  
Again upon life's battle field,  
Did Duty call the soldier's roll;  
A trembling lip was pressed to mine,  
Within my own, a cold hand lay;  
On other lashes, trembled tears—  
Others than *yours*, sweet Olive May.

And thus we parted, and a throng,  
Conversant with those hollow arts,  
That tinsel which attracts and wins  
Those counterfeits the world calls *hearts*,  
Dimmed the fair picture in my soul;  
A month in silence stole away,  
Until I half forgot the voice,  
The melting smile of Olive May.



Ambition whispered, it were wise  
This dream of fancy to forget;  
A struggle, then a yielding up  
The victim of a golden net;  
Wealth, honor, more than I could ask,  
As offerings before me lay,  
But nothing ever half so sweet,  
Or beautiful as Olive May.

Death's twilight, these white silver hairs  
Proclaim life's journey almost done,  
And, had her fair hand led the way,  
It might have been a happy one;  
But now I lift mine eyes above,  
And from my heart's o'erflowings, pray,  
That the first angel-face I meet,  
May be the face of Olive May.

McCONNELLSVILLE, OHIO.

## The Picture.

BY MRS. HELEN V. AUSTIN.

Whose picture was it? The lady stood by the window in the shade of the curtain; I had only a side view of her face, which presented a regular outline, shaded by softly waving chestnut hair. She held the picture in her left hand, while her right hand was pressed against her heart.

She had not observed me, and I had but a hasty glance at her and was soon past the dwelling, but the image went with me all the morning in my walk, and even when I reached home I could not forget her, and soon fell to dreaming and wondering on the subject. Ah! these pictures are wondrous things, they exceed the magic arts and fairy spells of romances that we half believed when we were children.

I was not impressed that this was a parent's picture; there seemed to be an eager, inquiring gaze bent upon it, as though the lady were seeking an answer to some question her heart was asking, or trying to still its throbbings by the earnest gaze; we do not look at our parents' pictures so.

Was it a picture of a lover, such as Lucy Walton held in her hand the day before she married old Mr. Pennyworth? She stood holding the picture in a sort of stupor, half that day; but the rich old man could afford to buy Lucy at a dear price—yes, it proved dear enough to them both before their lives closed—her uncle urged his suit, while the lover, with the brave, true heart, was poor, and his family disreputable, and so the outward forms of marriage were consummated between youth and age; oh, surely my lady with the soft brown hair is not going to be sacrificed!

Perhaps it was a picture like the one Nellie

May looked at all that last, long summer of her life. You never knew Nellie, then? There never was but one Nellie May; earth has no counterpart to her; she was complete in herself—just sweet Nellie, the “bud with the shining head.” She never tried to be any one else than herself, this was the charm that was felt by her friends; she did not seem to know her power, so soft and subduing, yet she must have had an inward consciousness of it.

She had gone to the lilac tree to gather blossoms for the chaste little vases Louis had given her.

“Have you heard that Louis Kline is dead?” said Miss Jones, as she passed—there are some persons who love to bear ill tidings—

Nellie's arms flew up and she gasped for breath, and walked into the house, not feeling the ground under her feet; her real earth-life ended that day—she died slowly all summer, but the “end of earth” came at last, and there was such a happy contented smile on her face in death that her friends rejoiced to see it.

It may be the lady was looking on a brother's picture; sisters sometimes feel heart-pangs when they behold the artist's representation of their childhood's playmate. Oh, the sweet remembrance of the golden time, when we hadn't learned that the night-shade grew by the roses, or that the storm would beat against the sparrow's nest! Sister, pray, be a true, Christian woman. “The Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that he cannot hear!”

The lady by the window may be a young mother, and gazed upon her child's picture; if it were a living child she would not hold it so; she would be apt to have the little one it represents on her lap as she compared the two together, or would be smiling at the sober or comical expression and attitude so peculiar to children. If it is,—if it is a child's picture, the child itself is gone; it is an angel in heaven; but she is its mother still, and she would rather be its mother, though in its grave be buried many bright hopes, than not to have been its mother at all; and whatever she may regret, however much she may have erred, whatever weakness or frailty she may possess, she yet has that crown of glory, an angel in heaven.

Ah, how many of us stand half hidden from view, half curtained from the sunlight we could endure when we were children, pressing down heart-throbs as we gaze on pictures, that alas! are *only* pictures after all!

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

## LAY SERMONS.

### In Hour with Myself.

"I don't think you know yourself, Mr. Self-complacency."

I had been speaking, a little boastfully, of my good qualities; particularly of my disinterestedness and integrity, when the individual with whom I was conversing, threw that wet blanket over me.

"Not know myself?" so I said to myself, after parting, a little coldly, with my plain-spoken friend, "that's a good joke! If I, Mr. Self-complacency, don't know myself, pray who does know me? Certainly, not you, Mr. Freespeech!"

I was piqued at Mr. Freespeech, and could not get over his remark, which involved a great deal that was not very flattering to my self-esteem. It annoyed me like a mote in the eye.

"Not know myself?" I kept repeating the words, every now and then, all day; and when I sat down alone in my room at night, they came in to disturb the hours that usually passed with me in calm self-satisfaction.

"Not know myself? What did he mean by that? I saw by his eye and voice, that he was in earnest. Somebody has been talking about me, and putting wrong constructions on my acts, and Mr. Freespeech has been more ready to believe evil than good. He'd better examine into his own quality; and I'll say so to him the next time we meet.

But I couldn't ease my mind by thoughts of this character. My self-esteem was wounded.

"Not know myself?" I repeated for the hundredth time. "What did I say to Mr. Freespeech that led him to make so uncharitable a remark? Why, that in voting for Mr. Cleveland, I only looked to the public good, as I hoped I would always look in everything, and did look. I considered, and still consider him the best man for the place. He wanted to elect Mr. Grant; but I don't like Grant. He is capable enough, no doubt; but our views differ widely in many particulars."

And here came in the questions, as if I were talking with another, who asked—

"Why don't you like Mr. Grant? Why do you prefer Mr. Cleveland?"

I went down into myself to get an answer to these queries, and after groping about for some time, came up, feeling a little more uncomfortable than when I went down. Why? What had I discovered? Just this: the impression that, as President of the Bank, Mr. Cleveland would be far more likely to favor my interests than Mr.

Grant; and here was the reason why I preferred him above the other, and had voted for him at the meeting of stockholders.

"Very disinterested, indeed, Mr. Self-complacency!" said I, two warm spots glowing on my cheeks. I felt them, as if lighted candles were held near my face. "I wonder if Mr. Freespeech really suspected this?" The two warm spots now burned.

It seemed very probably, so clearly did the truth stand out before me. I tried to cover it up, to hide the mean fact; but it stood there, looking at me with a sinister leer. So this was my disinterestedness; this my regard for the public good? There had been some very favorable testimony on the side of Mr. Grant; and Mr. Freespeech had strongly urged his fitness for the place, on the ground of his known inflexible character. "Make him President," he said, "and there will be no partial administration of affairs; no individual preference on discount days; no leaning towards personal friends." Now, I, Mr. Self-complacency, standing in occasional need of bank facilities, and having experienced many uncomfortable disappointments on discount days, had, away back in my thought or purpose, the desire to secure an interested friend near the source of bank favors. So I had voted for Mr. Cleveland.

"I must own up in this case," said I, feeling something like a culprit. "The real motive is plain enough now, but it was removed so far away out of sight that I didn't suspect its existence. And I don't believe Mr. Freespeech saw it. How could he? It was nothing but spleen, on his part, growing out of disappointment. And his language and manner had so sweeping a signification, as if I were the most selfish man in the world; as if I never acted from purely disinterested motives! He forgets how I refused to take advantage of his ignorance in regard to the price of an article, by which I might have gained an advantage over him of several hundred dollars."

This thought restored, in a measure, my good opinion of myself; but only for a little while. I took another plunge down amid the more hidden things of my mind, and saw that I had not been influenced in this act by any regard for my neighbor's good whatever. That his interest had not been in all my thoughts; but only the desire to gain for myself a good reputation, which I considered of more value than the few hundred dollars I would make in a transaction, that a day or two would expose as a bit of sharp practice in trade, not always looked upon as strictly honorable. I

could even recall the processes of thought by which I was influenced at the time. How I had pictured to myself the way he would talk about me among certain persons, with whom, above all things, I wished to stand well; the contempt they would feel for me, and even the pecuniary injury I might sustain. While on the other hand, the refusal, on my part, to accept an advantage to be gained over my neighbor's ignorance—and I was careful to let Mr. Freespeech understand all about the matter—would be told of me to my honor and benefit.

I actually covered my face with my hands, when close self-examination gave me this picture, and said, "For shame, Mr. Selfcomplacency!"

Again I went down amid the secret places of my heart, and looked steadily at the thoughts and purposes which were hidden away there from casual observation. I was liberal, taking my means into consideration, in regard to public and private charities; and made, yearly, a handsome contribution for the support of the church to which I belonged. The thought of this liberality had always been a pleasant thing to me; and it was one of my habits to contrast my generous devotion of the means God had placed in my hand, with the selfish withholdings apparent in others.

And in all this, I now saw the stain of a mean and almost hypocritical self-seeking. Had I looked to the good of my neighbor, or only to a good reputation for myself? Had I desired the peace of a good conscience, or only the approval of man? With a singular clearness of vision I saw myself, as to interior motives, and I could not find a single one of these motives that was not all clouded and disfigured by selfishness, pride, and a spirit of vain self-glory. I gave to the church. Why? In order that the gospel might be preached for the salvation of souls! This, I had often made bold to say, was the reason why I gave. But I could not find, in my heart, any genuine love of either saints or sinners; certainly not enough to induce me to give two hundred dollars a year for their safety or

salvation. I'm at the confessional, reader, and shall make a clean breast of it. No—I could find love of self, taking on multiform shapes; but not a genuine love of anything or anybody out of myself.

"Rather humiliating this, Mr. Selfcomplacency," said I.

"Yes, it is humiliating," I answered to myself. "Very humiliating."

I gave, always, to public charities when called upon, and made a merit of this in my own thoughts. I considered myself a truly benevolent man. Now, as I groped amid the springs of action, I could find scarcely the feeblest sentiment of pity for suffering humanity; but the desire to stand well, as a kind hearted and generous man, in the eyes of other people, was strong and active.

"Is there no good in me," I exclaimed, with a low, creeping shudder, starting to my feet, and beginning to walk the floor of my room.

"There is none good but one. That is God."

I remembered the words of our Saviour; and they came to me, now, with a fulness of meaning never comprehended before. I had read them, and heard them read in the great congregation of worshippers, hundreds of times. And yet, for all this, I, Mr. Selfcomplacency, thought myself a very good kind of man, and far better than the common run of people. Indeed, I was in the habit of contrasting myself with other men, and taking the conclusion in my own favor; when it was not at all improbable that the chief difference between us was that I gave more heed to appearances, from a certain love of reputation, than they did.

"Mr. Freespeech was right. I didn't know myself; nor do I know myself now, in this new guise? Am I, indeed, so wanting in honor, humanity, and integrity? My cheeks burn as if in the glow of a furnace!"

Take an hour with yourself, reader, and get down among the concealed motives by which your actions are governed, and, maybe, you will not like the new aspect in which you appear, any more than I like the one in which I have appeared.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### A Lesson from the Nursery.

BY NETTIE VERNON.

"Mamma!" A low, half-stifled sob accompanied the plea, and Mrs. Lee raised her eyes from her stitching to meet little Alfred's half-averted, tearful face.

"What is it, Allie, dear? you must not trouble mamma this morning, for she is very busy. Go and play with your pretty blocks."

"Mamma!"—and the tears now fell fast.

"Well, Allie, mamma hears you."

"Mamma—I have broken the pretty vase that papa sent you over the sea, and now you won't love Allie any more." The little face was all distorted with grief and pain, as Mrs. Lee went to examine the ruins of her favorite vase, which the maid had just filled with fresh flowers and placed upon the stand in the nursery, where Mrs. Lee had taken her sewing for the morning.

A half-petulant reproof rose to that mother's lips, but she checked it as Allie buried his little flushed face in the folds of her wrapper and sobbed again, "Mamma won't love me any more to-day."

Though scarcely able to restrain her own tears at sight of the beautiful wreck, Mrs. Lee felt that it would be right to commend Allie for the exhibition of that beautiful spirit, so rarely seen in children, of confessing their faults of accident or carelessness, so she turned aside from the delicate atoms at her feet and took Allie in her arms to soothe his grief.

"Mamma will love you, darling, now and ever," said Mrs. Lee, affectionately—"But tell me how it happened?"

"I got upon a chair, mamma, to look at a pretty little rose bud in the vase, just like the one that baby-sister held in her hand when they put her in the ground; and then I wanted to kiss it just as I did sister, and my foot slipped—and—and—I don't know how it was, but the pretty vase fell to the floor."

"And you did right to come and tell me Allie, dear; mother loves her darling for it. Now run and play," said Mrs. Lee, with a kiss.

"Mamma"—and the little lip quivered. "Mamma—will God love me too, because I was so naughty as to break your pretty vase that dear papa sent you over the sea?"

"Yes, darling, you are one of His own precious jewels, and He loves you more than I do. But not so idolatrously," added Mrs. Lee, to herself.

"Will God love me too?" How often do we need to pause upon the pathway of life, and looking deeply within our own hearts inquire, "Will God love me too?" Friends near and dear may throw around us the chain of their affection; earthly loves may weave a bright spell around our hearts; trusted faiths may all prove true; but ah! of what worth is all this if God love us not also? Or if we have ever planted the thorn of unkindness or neglect in another's heart—if harsh words have given place to harsher feelings—if wrong or malice has poisoned the secret spring of happiness within even one human being's soul, and thus the beautiful vase of "Our Father's" own workmanship be marred, then, on bended knee, let us change Allie's inquiry into the more earnest and heart-felt plea, "Will God forgive and love us, too?"

## Imagination.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

This faculty, which is the common boon of mankind, is seldom appreciated as it should be, and only occasionally properly cultivated. To some it is a bugbear—a series of visions filled daily with hideous and repulsive objects. They would fain fly from its gloomy presence, feeling that it thrusts out all the happy thoughts that unwittingly offer themselves in gay gala dress, making light for a brief moment one little corner of the tortured heart.

Suppose a woman to be cursed with this dark brooding, repulsive guest—an uprooted and wrongly cultured imagination. Is she religious? The ven-

geance of God, and not His love, is ever before her eyes, degrading the senses to the constant exercise of that paltry passion, fear. Is she a wife? The imagination is tortured with a thousand restless jealousies, distorting every innocent action into some symbol of dread meaning; and her own dark thoughts conjure up the restless spirit that will make home and hearth desolate to her, though thronged with gentle forms, and lighted by sweet, sunny faces. Is she a mother? Every child is a future Cain, and her unceasing vigilance, and too free application of the rod of terror, in nine cases out of ten, brings about the end so tremblingly anticipated.

Another carries about the plague spot of a depraved imagination. Early excesses, it may be, have stamped upon the heart while yet fresh and beautiful, a black earth-stain that many waters will not wash out. Disease has fastened upon the once healthy shoots that might have become trees of knowledge in all good and holy things, and the shrivelled branches put forth fruits, ripened to maturity, but oh! how foul and bitter to the taste! Beauty to such a one is not a sacred thing, but a sensuous image—a fair tablet, upon whose unstained page his libertine hand may trace words of hidden meaning, marring its whiteness with black lines—once written, never to be effaced.

The imagination of a child should be cultivated by the parent with as much assiduity and as judicious care as the disposition—the passions—the morals.

See your boy in his mock pulpit, surrounded by a congregation of chairs and tables, with shovels and tongs advanced to the responsible position of deacons, and the hearth-brush some distinguished visitor, in whose eyes the child has found favor. Mark his earnest glance! his impassioned gesture, as the unfledged thought strives to soar and reach the bold heights of the orator. He gazes not on empty chairs, but beholds uplifted to his own delighted face, bright eyes, wreathed smiles, and glances of encouragement. And as on one occasion a sweet little boy, imitating his elders, pointed to the venerable arm-chair, saying, "Ma, don't you guess that man felt sorry 'cause he was so wicked? didn't you see him cry?" So our child of the pulpit fancies his congregation differently affected by his eloquence. Every wooden mute has its ideal in his ardent vision. Divert the thoughts of that boy-man into the right channel. Picture to him bright and beautiful scenes, along with the lessons which you draw from nature and from books. Clothe reality not with sombre, stern, cold words, but array it sometimes in the bewitching garb of parable. Throw over it warm hues that shall bring life, earnest, palpable and true, before his sight, and teach him to see something of loveliness in everything, and he will seldom be unhappy—never alone.

And the girls, when they gather their little parties together after the manner of their elders, watch



that they do not with embryo malice blacken the character of the absent, or indulge in the meaningless tattle that is so often the sole occupation of society meetings. Let them see love in your actions, hear sweetness in your tones—and for the sake of your children, you may mount so far above the little and constant disagreeables of life, as to maintain an even temper and a gentle voice.

To those whose minds are thus pleasantly and judiciously directed, the world is not the miserly, miserable creation that the misanthrope and the fanatic would represent. There is a fair story written on every inanimate child of nature. The very stars are symbolized as the bright eyes of gentle angels. The very grass hath a name written on every tender blade, and that name is love. The fields, laden with their precious burden, smile upon them. The sterile mountains look glad, and the trees, in the glorious language of Scripture, "clap their hands."—*Mother's Journal*.

The following poem was published originally in the "Home Gazette," several years ago, with the signature of "Maternito." We now give it a new and wider circulation in the Home Magazine. There are few finer productions in our language. It is from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Long. It will stir in every true mother's heart the tenderest feeling.

## Infancy.

*Suggested by Cutting for the first time a Boy's Curls.*

Falling! falling! baby ringlets, golden curls, my treasures all!  
 Wheeling in wide, airy circles, thoughts fly mournful round your fall.  
 Many a morning, round that forehead, have I trained you, fairest curls—  
 Talking fondly, singing idly, as I dallied with your whirls.  
 Luring thus the boy to leave, for this sweet penance, wilder play,  
 Luring him to wear the honors of his earliest infant day  
 Quite into the dawn of boyhood. Would that he might always wear,  
 Life-long, infancy unsevered with the severing of his hair!  
 There it lies, with all its glittering, shaded by the thought of pain,  
 That the Infante may perish. Where, oh! tell me, where remain  
 In the thousand wretched faces, that or frown, or mope, or glare,  
 In the workshop, in the palace, in the marts of gain or care,  
 Traces of a lovely childhood! Choiceest gift this gray world knows!  
 That thou art so evanescent, is our woofullest of woes.  
 One by one thy graces leave us; sunny curls, looks wise and sweet,  
 Dewy lips, and milk-white teeth, dimpled hands and rosy feet.

Many a baby from the cradle, lies down where the lily grows,  
 And his beauty lieth with him, as the perfume with the rose.

Time may never pluck his sweetness; and the ancient Heavens grow fair,  
 All bedight with tiny cherubs gathered to our Father there.

But the babyhood that lieth buried 'neath a grosser clay

Than e'er fed the lily's fairness, or at roots of roses lay,

Where hath it a resurrection? Perished from humanity!

Lost through man's own maddest warfare, with the ways of infaney!

Robbing it of all its right, of utmost freedom, gladness, love,

Innocent unconscious action, all that hovering of the Dove!

O'er the fountains of our living, where he spreads his quickenings,

And the Human germinates beneath their quiet shadowings.

Oh! if we the worth could measure, of these priceless early days,

Every "Babe" would seem a "Holy;" wear about his brow the rays

Of a halo, kin to that, which dazzled the bewildered sense

Of the Magian, kneeling, offering "gold, and gifts, and frankincense."

Golden ringlets! golden ringlets! whisper, whisper in my ear—

"Ah, not always in thy soul was human Infancy so dear."

Truly, slowly dawned upon me truths that now in clearest light

Fill my life with their pure radiance, shine above all earthly sight.

Ah! but I was young and witless, nurtured on a stern faith's knee:

How could I discern how holy are the hours of Infancy?

Seeing but in children evil, from an evil nature wrought,

All their acts were blackened over with the hue of that false thought.

Golden ringlets! how thoughts thicken, as I lay you straight and fair,

Stringing thus the pearls of memory on each little lustrous hair.

I remember that first baby, laid in my unworthy arms,

And how quickly he escaped from a thousand thralling harms.

I remember how I fixed, with my tutoring and care, Shadows, once so lightly floating, o'er my girl's dark eyes and hair.

And another I remember, a fair boy, the loveliest Little human face that ever looked up from a mother's breast.

But above that "father's darling" leaned a larger heart than mine,

And I learned my first "child-reverence" from his love laid on the shrine.

Very slowly have I learned it; ah! no marvel 'tis to me!

Small deposit hath the soul, from such perturbed Infancy.

But the boy that now stands by me, gazing on his  
falling hair,  
Parting with it nothing loathly, glad of his more manly  
air,  
With his short locks, like his brother's, feeling some-  
thing more a boy,  
As each baby-token leaves him; never hath he lost a  
joy,  
Proper to his babyhood; so bear me witness sweet  
excess—  
Golden curls! that never, never, have I made that  
beauty less  
That so sorteth with your sunshine, beams from brow  
and lip and eye;  
Proving him as blest a babe as ever laughed beneath  
the sky;  
Proving he hath drunk in quiet all the dew of his  
young day;  
Bearing even now the stamp of babe, above each boy-  
ish way,  
Ways that soon will change, change outward, change  
as change his curling lock;  
Not for ever will he "hide among the bleating of the  
flocks."  
There's a daring heart within him, and a quick, im-  
petuous will—  
In the ranks of life's stern battle, he some hottest  
place may fill.  
But within him, too, is garnered all the fulness of his  
past,  
And the germ evolved in childhood, while the human  
life doth last,  
Still must quicken each endeavor, still must away  
each after mood,  
And though I may never see it, *he shall gather all its  
good.*  
Golden ringlets! never henceforth may ye know my  
tending care,  
Lightly lie with all your shining, lightly-waving sunny  
hair!  
Let me find a comfort in you; symbolize an In-  
fancy  
Never lost, though simpler seeing deem it perished  
utterly;  
May some memory of your beauty hang forever round  
his face,—  
May the time of your adorning lend an unaccustomed  
grace  
To the hard rough ways of boyhood, when he most  
would shame to wear  
All your shining wealth of substance, lovely ringlets  
of fair hair!  
And when manhood groweth swayful, passions haunt  
and dreams infest,  
Immost Infancy! be strongest! with thy innocence  
and rest;  
When the heavy years weigh on him, cares o'ercloud  
the face of joy,  
Let him feel still unexpressed, something breathing  
of a boy;  
Let him know that through the binding of all days to  
life's first prime,  
Comes all largeness in our living, comes the grandest  
gifts of time;  
Give me too, sweet severed ringlets! stronger love  
and reverence  
For the Infante, than ever yet hath dawned on my  
dull sense.  
Give me insight, some perception that within the Hu-  
man dies,  
If no renovating virtue from our earliest days arise.

This is then the fabled fountain great De Leon called  
to see,  
Hidden far in primal forests, fount of youth, of In-  
fancy.  
He that drinketh never dieth, for rejuvenescence  
dwells  
Ever gurgling through the greenness where the limpid  
water wells.  
Sail to Florida no longer! learn with me the mystic  
truth,—  
Every life holds in its bosom water from the "Fount  
of Youth;"  
From the fulness of its flowings all our living states are  
fed,—  
Woe! when it is choked, down trampled, wasted or  
embittered.  
Lovely ringlets! can I leave you? straight ye lie now,  
straight and still,  
With your fadeless warm gold lustre rescued from  
all change and chill.  
Soon shall dim the locks that henceforth grow around  
that brave young brow,  
Ye are gathered, and your beauty ever more shall  
beam as now;  
Time may be when I shall view you with a wonder  
and a smile,  
When I think how sweet your tending did my dreary  
days beguile.  
I shall twirl you round my fingers, fingers withered,  
stiff and old,  
And shall boastful ask, where grow they now such  
glorious locks of gold?  
Never more for me such shining as the blissful sheen  
ye wore;  
With my last and dearest darling, "Past is past" for  
evermore;  
All the beauty of my living, lovely curls, I lay with  
you,  
And I charge you, sweet mementoes, still be to that  
beauty true.  
As the days condense around me, and my children  
grow apace,  
Gazing on you memory freshens, each becomes a  
child again.  
I shall lay my hands upon you, at the touch years  
roll away,  
And I hear a merry laughing, and I see my babes at  
play.  
How is this? do they still love me? am I tender to  
them now?  
Can I see in each his childhood, and his bright curls  
round his brow?  
Not from me must come upbraiding for their faults,  
whate'er they be,  
To my hands unmeet, God granted all their gracious  
Infancy.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that  
"When a friend is carried to his grave, we at  
once find excuses for every weakness, and pal-  
liations of every fault; we recollect a thousand  
endearments, which before glided off our minds  
without impression, a thousand favors unrepaid,  
a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly  
wish, for his return: not so much that we receive,  
as that we may bestow happiness, and recom-  
pense that kindness which before we never under-  
stood."

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### "My Brother Lenny."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The winds come and the winds go with a mournful grieving sound, which seems to find an echo, somewhere away down in my heart. There is a thin sprinkling of snow on the rail fences, and the sky has a hopeless, desolate look, which seems to find a voice in the wind. I stand here all alone by the window, and there is something cold and heavy upon my heart that I cannot shake off.

I can't play with my doll, and when I try to read, the letters all run together, and first I know, I am going tiptoeing up stairs to listen for a sound at the chamber door. But it's all still there, now, and when the nurse came out half an hour ago, she looked into my face, and I suppose she read the question I wanted to ask, for she said,

"He's got into a little dose now, dear."

When I think of it, I can't believe it that it was Leonard, my sweet little brother, that I saw lying on the bed this morning, with the great wet bandage on his forehead, and his face had such a strange, yellow ghastliness all over it, that I shouldn't have known him. Then, there were the great, heavy black rings under his eyes, and when he opened them, and looked at me, such a dim, blank look, it went straight to my heart.

"Doesn't Leonard know little sister Minnie?" asked mother, bending over the pillow, and stroking the curls which lay tumbled and shining on the pillows, and were all that looked like little Lenny.

He shook his head, and it seemed as though a great blow had struck me. I tried to keep the tears back, but there came a great, loud sob instead.

"Sh-sh," said mother, and she led me from the room. "I couldn't help it, mamma," I said, "for it almost broke my heart to find that Lenny didn't know me."

"My little girl," she said, with the tears in her eyes, "you know your brother is a very, very sick boy; and the fever is on his brain now. If he gets well he'll know you, just as before."

There was something in these words which filled me with a new fear. "If he gets well—oh, mamma, don't you think?"—I could not say another word.

And mamma answered me very sad and solemn. "My dear Minnie, I hope so; but we must leave all that to God, you know;" then she walked away very quick, as though she did not dare trust her heart to speak another word.

Dear little Leonard! I miss his wide, blue eyes, his shining curls, the pit pat of his small feet, and his pretty prattle all over the house. How I wish I could see that small, bright, dimpled face, sparkling through the door, and how I wish we could sit down there in the corner once more, and build

meeting houses, and temples, and castles, just as we used to.

Dear me—nothing would ever look pleasant to me again, if Lenny should die. I can't believe it's possible that that little, bright, restless figure, and that sweet, laughing face may, in a little while, be laid still and white in the coffin; and how dreadful it would be never to hear him speak again; never to take that dear, little, plump round hand, and have mamma tie on his little black velvet cap, and brown cloak, and go down the walk with him in the bright sunshine. How proud I was of him; and how he clapped his hands when I said to him, last week, "Next spring, Lenny, when the birds come, and the trees put on green leaves, you and I will go out and play on the grass, and hunt for the dandelions, and make chains of apple blossoms." And he clapped his hands for joy, and jumped right up and down. Oh, Lenny, my little brother Lenny!

How I wish I'd never been cross to him, or got out of patience; and how I wish I'd stopped and built him a school-house that day that he wanted me to, and I had got interested in the new Abbott's Histories papa had brought me for a Christmas present, that I didn't want to play.

And I wish I'd always let him have my doll, even if he had soiled her face, for all day those words in the poem I learned to speak to Grandpa, last Thanksgiving, have been going up and down my thoughts.

"Oh, while my brother with me played,  
Would I had loved him more."

There, I'm sure that is the doctor's chaise coming down the road past the creek! I wonder if he'll say Lenny is any better—oh, I hope he will!

Here's a nice corner to cry. There can't anybody find me away here in this dark closet back of the store-room. Oh, Lenny, Lenny, you're got to die. I shant have any dear little brother any more. I shant ever go trotting up and down the hall with you again, and we shant ever get into the carriage with papa to go down to the bridge in the bright, clear, winter days! You're got to be buried up in the cold ground, and you wont know when the great, white snows come down on your little grave, or when the birds come and sing over it, and the little daisies you loved peep up amid the grass over your head, because the spring has come.

It seems as though my heart would break, and has, ever since the doctor came down into the sitting-room with mamma, and she said to him—

"Doctor, do tell me the whole truth about my child!"

"My dear Mrs. Loomis," he said, "then, hard as it is, I shall have to tell you there is no hope—that your little boy will not see to-morrow morning."

Poor, dear mamma. She just sat down in the

nearest chair, and groaned, as though a sword had struck right to her heart.

There, they are calling me—

"Minnie!—Minnie."

"What is the matter?"

"Lenny's dead! I got there just in time to see him for the last time, for it was papa's voice that called me. When I went in, they all stood crying around the bed, and papa led me up to it, and Lenny lay there with a strange, white look upon his face, that somehow made me know that he would never be any better.

And he opened his eyes, and looked around upon us all, and then a quick spasm went over his face, and stirred the bed-clothes, and then a sweet smile settled upon his white face, and papa turned to mamma, and said, in a broken voice—

"Our boy has gone, Annie!"

And mamma threw herself down on the bed with a great cry, and put her arms around the little white, dead neck—

"Oh, my boy, my precious boy, wont you ever put up your little arms to your mother again?" she sobbed. And papa lifted her up, and said—

"Annie, our boy is in Heaven, and God will take care of him better than we, even with our great love, could."

And mamma's sobs grew quieter then, and in a little while they all went out of the room, and left us three alone together. And papa sat down with mamma on the lounge, and drew me to him, and talked so many sweet, comforting words about the home where our dear little boy was gone, that I felt some of the great pain and weight gone from my heart.

At last, mamma drew me close to her, and looked on me with such a sweet, sorrowful smile, and said to me—

"You are all we've got now, my little daughter."

"But, mamma, we'll all go to Lenny, sometime, wont we?"

"Yes, darling, we shall all go to Lenny, and be a blessed household in Heaven, if we love and obey the Father there, who had the best right to him, and who has taken him all to Himself."

And so, dear little brother, I am coming to you sometime, and though you'll be covered up in the cold ground, where I can never see your sweet face in the world any more, still, I will try so to live, that when God calls me, too, your little sister Minnie, that loved and played with you on earth, will come to live with you in Heaven.

## Haydn's Early Life.

Poor, freezing with cold in a miserable garret, he studied by the side of his old broken harpsichord; the ardor of his genius alone left to animate him

in contending with the difficulties of the way. At length he was fortunate enough to obtain some lessons in Italian singing from his introduction to the family of a Venetian nobleman, ambassador at Vienna. The famous Popora was still retained in his household, and Haydn most eagerly sought his favor, in the hope of obtaining also his instruction. Humiliation, and many a "hope deferred," he had to endure; for Popora was ill-tempered beyond conception, and although poor Haydn rose early every morning, to brush his coat and shoes, and arrange his wig in the nicest order, in expectation of propitiating him, he had seldom more than the polite epithet of "fool" bestowed on him for his pains. And this was the future illustrious author of the "Creation." At the age of nineteen, his voice breaking, he was expelled from his class at St. Stephen's church, where he had sung eleven years, and his only asylum was in the house of a wig-maker named Keller. Unfortunately, his residence there had a fatal influence on his after life; for his host, too desirous seemingly of making ample provision for his young guest, proposed uniting him to one of his daughters, whilst Haydn was engrossed in his studies, having no thoughts of love, made no objection; and afterwards keeping his word with scrupulous honor, the union proved far from happy. On leaving the house of his friend Keller (we do not know for what reason), for six long years he endured a bitter conflict against penury so piercing, that often during winter he was obliged to lay in bed for want of fuel and other necessities. An opportunity at last presented itself of improving his circumstances; for by chance the Prince Esterhazy, a passionate amateur of music, was present at a concert which very opportunely commenced with one of Haydn's pieces. The delight of the Prince was unbounded, and he immediately appointed the composer sub-director of his orchestra, and he demanded who he was. Haydn, in fear and trembling, advanced, when the Prince exclaimed, "What! is that the little Moor?" (alluding to his complexion.) Then addressing him, added, "Go and dress yourself as my chapel-master. You must never appear again in my presence in the plight you are now. You are too little, and have a pitiful-looking face. Get a new coat, and high-heeled shoes, that your stature may correspond with your mind." Haydn was too happy at his appointment to feel much chagrin at this equivocal style of compliment.

## A NOBLE BEQUEST.

An old man of the name of Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. He amassed a large fortune by the closest industry, and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought that he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace pursued him whenever he appeared, with hootings and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him,



He at length died, and in his will were found the following words: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

#### THE "ELDEST CHILD."

The eldest child of a family holds a position, as it regards influence and importance, scarcely second to that of the parents themselves. Often called upon, in the temporary absence of the father and mother, to direct home affairs—always looked up

to as an oracle in matters of taste and opinion by the junior members, who draw inferences and shape conclusions even without the help of spoken words, even from so slight tokens as a raised eyebrow, or shrugged shoulder, or impatient gesture. Do elder brothers and sisters think enough of this? In after life they may, alas! but too sorrowfully, when they find themselves repeated in myriad forms of thought and expression by those who then hung unnoticed upon their lips. Perhaps this brief hint may reach an eye hitherto careless of these "little things," which, like drops of water, go to swell such a mighty flood. "*Little*" things! we had almost said *nothing* is "*little*" in this world, least of all, those which we short-sighted mortals oftenest call such.

## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

**HURRY CAKES.**—Some of our readers may like to try the following, which we take from "Field Notes":—

"I'm never in a hurry," says Mrs. Clipper, "so your hurry cakes are of no account in my family. I never let my bread bowl get empty, not I." Well, Mrs. Clipper, I guess if you had our folks to cook for, you'd tell a different story; sometimes there is ten, and sometimes twenty. I baked fourteen loaves last Saturday, and as sure as you're alive, there wasn't enough left to do for breakfast Monday morning. I was beat, but I says to Susie, says I, we'll get up a cake in a hurry—run and get me some buttermilk. I took two quarts in a pan, dropped in a bit of lard as big a hen's egg, (not a Shanghai's either,) two eggs, a little salt, and then stirred in flour till it was as thick as I could manage it with a spoon. By the way, I rolled two common sized teaspoonsful of soda into the flour, so it was all well mixed together, greased my bake-pans well, and dropped the dough from the spoon in small round lumps, as they fell from the spoon, dipping it in milk each time, clapped them in the oven, and in fifteen minutes they were ready for the table. No daubing the hands as in making biscuit, no rolling-pin to be taken down, cleaned, or hung up, no biscuit-cutter to be hunted for, no bread-board to be washed; and with butter and sorghum molasses, they are equal to griddle cakes; and what is better than all, no roasting over the stove to cook, while others eat. Susie calls them Hurry Cakes, you may call them Drop Muffins.

There is but one objection to them; they are so good that they are all gone before you know it, and the cry is—Hurry up your cakes!

**BUCKWHEAT CAKES ECLIPSED.**—A "Farmer's wife," writing to the Rural New Yorker, says:—  
I would like to say to the inquirer concerning

buckwheat cakes, saleratus, &c., that we have found a better and more wholesome flour for cakes. Perhaps you have used what we call the brown flour, and prefer buckwheat, but if you have never tried it, and are of our opinion, you will not wish for sweeter and more wholesome cakes. Winter wheat, or good spring wheat, ground into unbolted flour, makes the best of food, and in the manner we use ours mostly, avoid the saleratus. We take sweet milk, and stir in the flour without sifting, to about the thickness of drop cake; drop the batter into patty tins, or muffin rings, and bake in a quick oven. We eat them warm, always steaming the cold cakes. We do not use saleratus with them at all, and you are unlike us, if, on trial, you do not pronounce them sweet, delicious, wholesome, and superior to all other kinds of bread. Eaten with butter, or cream and sugar, or syrup, or honey, they can't be beat. Do please try them, and give your opinion.

Fine flour is used too exclusively as an article of food, and while the coarser grains are so much more sweet and wholesome, it is a pity they are not more generally used.

**JELLY CAKE.**—Mix two cupfuls of flour with one of milk, one of sugar, half a cupful of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and two of cream of tartar. Divide into six portions, and spread as thin as possible in buttered pans of equal size, and bake about five minutes in a hot oven. Care must be taken in turning from the pans. When done, spread layers of jelly between the cakes, putting a cake on the top, on which sprinkle plenty of white powdered sugar, or coat with a thin frosting.

**CARROT PIE.**—Boil, peel, mash, and sift, as with pumpkin, and use milk, eggs, etc., and you will

have a pie not to be detected from pumpkin. So says a lady in *Field Notes*.

**RICE CORN BREAD.**—One pint of boiled rice, one pint of corn meal, one ounce of butter, two eggs, one pint of sweet milk; beat the eggs very light, then add the milk and melted butter; beat the rice until perfectly smooth, and add to the eggs and milk; lastly, add the corn meal; beat all together until very light, and bake in shallow pans, in a quick oven.

**COLD SLAW.**—Yelks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of cream, a small teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt, two teaspoonsful of vinegar. If cream is not used, put in a small lump of butter, rubbed in a little flour. Cut the cabbage very fine; heat the mixture, and pour it on hot.

**POTATO BREAD.**—Boil your potatoes very soft; peel and mash them fine; rub through a fine colander; mix with the flour in the proportion of one-third of potatoes to two-thirds of flour; put in salt and a little butter; wet the flour in lukewarm water; put in yeast, or rising, and mould as usual. You will find it will rise quicker, be better and whiter than without them.

**CURING MEAT WITH MOLASSES.**—A French writer, and a good authority, says that molasses is not only useful in curing hams, but any meat may be preserved by it alone in the most perfect manner, and with the following important advantages:—It has an agreeable flavor, it produces no scurvy or other disorders which result from the use of salt food, and it may be prepared at a moderate price. The process consists simply in cutting the meat into pieces of moderate size and dropping them into molasses, such as is obtained from the sugar manufactories or refineries. The lighter juices of the meat pass out, and the heavier molasses penetrates inward to every part of the meat. When the external molasses has acquired a certain degree of liquidity from the mixture of the juices of the meat, it is a sure sign that the meat is thoroughly impregnated. It is now taken out of the molasses, thoroughly washed, and hung in a current of air to dry. After it is completely dry, it may be packed in boxes and sent all over the world without experiencing any change whatever.

**SMOOTH HANDS FOR DISHWASHERS.**—Keep in a saucer corn meal wet with vinegar and when work is done and a trifle of soap has done its office, rub your hands faithfully with a teaspoonful of this mixture, rinsing off, and rub your hands till dry; the softness of your hands will repay you. Should Bluebeard suggest the idea of waste of meal, suggest in return this argument, that you can hem his cravat in half the time, and I'll warrant you he'll settle back easily into his easy chair, puffing composedly his five dollar meerschaum.

**TO PREVENT SKIPPERS IN HAMS.**—In a communication to the *Cotton Planter*, Mr. W. McWillie says he avoids the skippers by simply keeping his smoke-house dark, and the moth that deposits the egg never enters it. He has now hanging in his smoke-house, hams, one, two and three years old, and the oldest are as free from insects as when first hung up.

**BROWNED COFFEE.**—The white of one egg stirred into each pound just before it gets cold after roasting, will clarify it sufficiently for the table when ground and boiled.

**HOW TO BEAT WHITES OF EGGS.**—On breaking eggs, take care that none of the yolk becomes mingled with the whites. A single particle will sometimes prevent their foaming well. Put the whites into a large, flat dish, and beat them with an egg beater made of double wire, with a tin handle, or with a cork stuck cross-wise upon the prongs of a fork. Strike a sharp, quick stroke through the whole length of the dish. Beat them in the cellar or in some other cool place, till they look like snow, and you can turn the dish over without their slipping off. Never suspend the process, nor let them stand, even for one minute, as they will begin to turn to a liquid state, and cannot be restored, and thus will make heavy cake.

**BEEF A LA MODE.**—Round of beef is best for this purpose. With a sharp knife make incisions in the meat about an inch apart; make a dressing of butter, onion, and bread-crumbs, in the proportion of a pint of crumbs, one small onion finely chopped, and an ounce of butter, with pepper and salt to the taste; fill the incisions with this dressing; put the meat into a pot, with as little water as will suffice to cover it; cover it tightly down, and let it simmer for six or eight hours; when the meat is done, dish it up, and thicken the gravy with a little flour; put the meat in again and let it boil up once, and then serve it.

**INDIAN BREAD.**—One quart of sour milk; 1 quart of meal; 1 pint of flour;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teacup of molasses; a heaping teaspoon of soda, also of salt. Pour into a two quart basin previously greased. Set into a steamer; close tight and steam three hours.

**BREAKFAST BISCUIT.**—Take a small milk pan half full of flour, and mix thoroughly in it one tablespoonful of cream tartar and two of shortening. Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoonful of soda in a pint bowl two-thirds full of sweet milk—mix them hard enough to roll good.

**PANCAKES WITHOUT SALERATUS.**—Take two quarts warm water, a little salt, one teacup of hot yeast, flour to make a stiff batter. Set in a warm place, and when light, thin with sweet milk. When baked brown you will call them extra.

## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

### Suggestions on Health.

NO. VII.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

It is the duty of every one to learn and practice all the sanitary means in their power. There are very many minor influences that gradually undermine health, so gradually as not to be noticed by many; yet their work, though slow, is sure, and will sooner or later manifest itself.

Many of the influences that destroy health are very imperfectly understood; from the fact that few have paid attention to these things. The attention, (especially of woman) has often been engrossed with things of minor importance, as she did not expect to become a practitioner of medicine; but Physiological and Hygienic laws can be learned without becoming such, and ought to be learned by every one; that when sickness or suffering prostrates the physical powers, from inevitable causes, we may be co-workers with the intelligent physician, lessening his anxiety, and many times arduous labors.

A general diffusion of Physiological and Hygienic knowledge would prevent a vast amount of suffering, and enable parents to correct many of their own injurious habits, and form the habits of their children on a more sanitary, moral, and physical basis. This knowledge may be acquired independent of a knowledge of pharmacy or surgery if desired.

The care of the young, and many times that of the sick, mostly devolves upon woman. She is much better prepared for these responsible and important duties, when she understands the structure of the human system—the influences that act favorably or unfavorably upon the physical health—in short, all the Hygienic influences necessary to preserve or restore health.

Every individual might be benefited by an intelligent knowledge of these subjects, and better prepared for usefulness in this world. Let all, then, young and old, learn all they can of the influences and habits that promote health, that they may be enabled to avoid all the disease and suffering possible, and with proper knowledge it is possible to avoid much more than is generally supposed!

There are so many minor influences that tend to destroy or promote health, an individual knowledge of these influences is necessary to direct them for the promotion of health. As disregarded or misdirected, they induce disease which many times baffle the skill of the most skillful physicians; because the vital powers often become so much impaired by these minor influences, that the system has not recuperative force sufficient to rally from the attacks of an epidemic, and life becomes extinct.

Great injury to the weak and suffering is often thoughtlessly done, by the most kind and sympathizing friends. Not knowing what is most needed under the circumstances, the suffering patient is made the victim of a variety of experiments.

In many cases the greatest want of the sufferer is good care, quiet and pure air. These are always essential requisites to restoration. The health of the sufferer cannot be restored without quietude of the brain and pure air. The lungs need pure air to circulate through their air cells to purify the blood—sustain respiration—invigorate and restore the whole system to its natural powers.

In damp, cold, and windy weather, the pure air that the invalid needs, cannot be admitted directly into the room, without occasioning a damp or cold current, which the sensitive patient could not well bear. Under such circumstances it ought to be admitted into an adjoining room, in sufficient quantity to supply the patient with an abundance of pure air, by day and by night. This is so seldom done, that invalids suffer an untold amount for want of pure air. Recovery is often greatly retarded, and life endangered from this very cause.

People read the account of the sufferings and death of the soldiers confined without air at Calcutta; but often forget that God has so constituted every breathing animal, that pure air is one of the most essential requisites of existence; and that suffering and death may be produced in the sick chamber, from the deprivation of this great invigorating—cleansing—and restorative element.

The frequenting of crowded and unventilated apartments in the winter season, where every inhalation is poisonous in the extreme, renders the blood so impure that the most malignant fevers are excited in the system, and to complete the work of destruction the patient, when he can go no more out into the air, is often confined in a tight and unventilated room. Headache, parched lips, offensive breath, all proclaim the urgent want of oxygen in the lungs. When friends and nurse do not understand this, and the physician neglects to explain, the patient's sufferings become intense, delirium supervenes, and death often results, as a natural element has been cut off, and one that no breathing animal can long live without. The frequent and urgent demands of the patient for draughts of cold water is caused by the lack of oxygen in the system. Fresh water from the well aids in some degree in supplying the system with oxygen; while water that has stood some time has parted with much of this property, and is incapable of quenching thirst or supplying oxygen.

In respect to impure air, the community need line upon line and precept upon precept. Many do not understand the difference in pure air and cold air, and think an open door from a cold room is

sufficient to supply air in winter; but if there is no egress in that room for the impure air, and ingress for pure out door air, the supply is insufficient for the preservation or restoration of health. In winter there is scarcely an individual who breathes an adequate supply of pure air by day and by night. This is the cause of so much debility towards spring—the system cannot rally until exercise, which the refreshing spring inspires, has been taken out of doors. By degrees, the pure air, warmth and sunshine, invigorate those who go forth to imbibe their life-giving powers.

## TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

### DINNER COSTUME FOR HOME.

High dress of pearl gray silk, the skirt having narrow flounces arranged in festoons: in the front of the skirt, the flounces are of pearl gray silk, bound with mauve silk; on each side of these is a smaller festoon of mauve silk flounces; again, a large festoon of the gray flounces, and so on, entirely round the skirt, the whole headed by a small mauve rouleau. The plain, high body has a trimming à la bérthe, composed of three frills, those crossing the back and front of gray silk, edged with mauve, those on the shoulders of mauve silk.

The sleeves are tight, with two bouffants at the top, one gray, the other mauve; deep pointed cuff, of rich lace, with double lace ruffle falling over the hand.

### CHILD'S DRESS.

Frock of bright blue silk. Casaque of light fawn-colored silk, with broad band at the bottom: all the seams and edges of front are corded; at the bottom, an arabesque pattern is worked in very fine braid, the braid continued on each side of the seams in a small chain pattern. The bottom of the wide sleeve is finished to correspond.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CURRENTS AND COUNTER-CURRENTS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE. With other Addresses and Essays. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

If the professional opinions and dogmas of Dr. Holmes, on all the subjects treated of in this volume, are as dignified and reliable as those touching Homœopathy, we do not think his book will add much to the common stock of medical truth. We are sorry to see him reproduce his article entitled "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions," the animus of which never struck us favorably.

An acquaintance of many years with intelligent and conscientious homœopathic physicians, and an observation of over twenty-three years in our own family, during which time none but homœopathic medicines have been prescribed—and the family is not a small one by any means—gives us some ability to judge of the fairness or unfairness of any attack upon the system; and we unhesitatingly pronounce that of Doctor Holmes to be altogether prejudiced, one-sided, and erroneous. We say this, not to say it against him, but in the cause of truth and humanity, believing, as we do, that the medical system against which the Doctor has launched his arrows, is founded on natural laws, and demonstrated by a system of experiments of the exactest character. And, moreover, that it cures diseases more quickly, certainly, and radically than the old systems, and with little or no waste of

vital force, that terrible consequence of crude, drug administration, and the use of lancet, blister and cup.

TWELVE SERMONS. Delivered at Antioch College. By Horace Mann. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

It is impossible to glance through these eloquently written sermons without feeling that their author was deeply imbued with the religious sentiment, and an earnest lover of his fellow man. No one can read them without being made deeply conscious that he has duties to perform, which, if he would remain innocent before God, cannot be omitted.

POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL WOODWORTH. Edited by his Son. In Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner.

Not for a long time has the American press given to the public volumes more acceptable than the two, in delicate blue and gold, that now lie before us. Dear to the heart of almost every man, woman and child in our country, is the name of him who wrote the "Old Oaken Bucket;" and nothing can be more acceptable than this complete and elegant edition of his poems. General George P. Morris has contributed to the volumes, a brief memoir of the author, which give them additional value. Mr. Woodworth was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, in 1785, and died 1842,



in his fifty-eighth year. We have room but for a single extract:—

"FAITH.

"My little girl the other day,  
(Three years of age a month ago)  
Wounded her finger while at play,  
And saw the crimson fluid flow.  
With pleading optics, raining tears,  
She sought my aid, in terror wild;  
I, smiling said, 'Dismiss your fears,  
And all shall soon be well, my child.'  
Her little bosom ceased to swell,  
While she replied with calmer brow,  
'I know that you can make it well,  
But how, papa?—I don't see how.'  
"Our children oft instruct us thus;  
For succor, or for recompense,  
They look with confidence to us,  
As we should look to Providence.  
For each infantile doubt and fear,  
And every little childish grief,  
Is uttered to a parent's ear,  
With full assurance of relief.

A grateful sense of favors past,  
Incites them to petition now,  
With faith in succor to the last,  
Although they can't imagine how.

"And shall I doubtfully repine,  
When clouds of dark affliction lower?  
A tenderer Father still is mine,  
Of greater mercy, love, and power;  
He clothes the lily, feeds the dove,  
The meanest insect feels his care;  
And shall not man confess his love,  
Man, his own offspring, and His heir?  
Yes, though he say, I'll trust him still,  
And still with resignation bow;  
He may relieve, He can, He will—  
Although I cannot yet see how."

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS. Euripides ex Recensione Frederici A. Paley. Accessit verborum. Index vols. I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### "NO HELP FOR IT."

"There's no help for it!" says the young wife, as she throws herself despairingly into the great easy chair, which her husband has vacated. "Harry will pass most of his evenings at the club, and the institute, say what I will. Ah, me! it wasn't so once! There was a time when no club, or institute, or oyster supper could have tempted Harry Dana to remain away from me one evening. But I wasn't his wife then, as I am now, and that makes all the difference in the world.

"I may pass my evenings now the best that I can. Harry Dana isn't to be tied to any woman's apron string every minute of his life. If I'm lonely, there's my piano, and plenty of books, and a neighborhood of pleasant people, that I can find by stepping out of my front door. For his part, he thinks a man ought to have a little rest and comfort, after he's been bothered and worried with business all day, and a fellow don't want to be forever bored with hearing about saucy and lazy servants, and an endless lingo of gossip and fault finding.

"That is the kind of answers I get, when I complain about being left alone to drag out the evenings as I best can.

"After all, this getting married isn't at all what young girls dream it is. If I could live my life over again—but there's no help for it, now!"

Yes there is help for it, too, oh foolish, mistaken, self-blinded woman. Get up from that chair where you have thrown yourself in weak, selfish, brooding dependency, and look bravely the facts in the case.

See if they have no witnesses to rise up against you—see if you have done all your duty since the

hour that you promised to be the wife of Harry Dana.

Where are the old charms and enticements of manner which made him esteem you once, the sweetest and most bewitching of women? Where are all the careful details of dress, the bright smiles, the sweet songs, the shy caresses, the pleasant talk about books, and pictures, and music; in short, every theme which would be likely to interest and stimulate him; where is all that careful study of his tastes and habits, which are just as powerful and binding upon you now, as they were in the sweet days of your courtship? Get up from that chair, Mrs. Harry Dana, and answer to your own soul these questions of its rightful asking!

Is that clouded face, that careless dress, that endless dead level of small fretting and fault finding, what your husband married?

"No help for it!" Bring back the old charm of word, and look, and deed; make your home the paradise your husband dreamed it would be, when he elected you its household divinity, and see whether club, or institute, or oyster supper, or political harangue can easily win him away from it!

"There's no help for it!" sighs the weakly, indulgent mother, as she gathers up the scattered blocks which her children have strewn over the floor, in some sudden fit of anger, and congratulates herself on having bought a precarious peace with gingerbread and mince pie. "Richard and Jane seem born to quarrel with each other. I'm sure I don't know what they'll come to, for things grow worse all the time. It'll do very well for folks to talk that haven't got any children; but they'd find mine a match for 'em I'm thinkin'. I've talked,

and scolded, and fretted, and cried, till now I'm determined to let things take their own course,—there's no help for it!"

And so, because of her weak indulgence, and lack of moral force and determination, the mother falls back on these words; and the wrong and discord, the burning and anger and selfishness, take deeper root in the hearts of her children, and these shall yet rise up and condemn her.

"There's no help for it!" It is the man in the prime of his years, who says this; as he sinks down and buries his face in his hands, in a darkened corner of his office. "I'm a ruined man; my credit's gone. There's no use in trying to stem the current any longer. I'm bankrupt this day, and what's to become of me and of my family?"

What's to become of you and them? Why, man alive, if you've got any faith in God, and your wife and your children have any power of affection, any strength of self-sacrifice, it won't go very bad with you, after all!

Meet the storm bravely. If you and they have got to come down, do it with such hope, and trust, and serenity, that men looking on you shall wonder, and say, "After all, this evil had no power over them!"

"There's no help for it!" says the young man, whose life has not yet covered his thirtieth summer. "If I hadn't got into wrong company, if I'd made a proper use of my time, I shouldn't have been where I am this day. But it's too late now to untie old habits, and learn new lessons. If I could go back to that day when I left my poor mother's cottage door, with her Bible in my hand and her blessing on my head, I'd lead a different life from the one I have, for the last twelve years.

"But it's not an easy thing to become the laughing stock of all my friends, now I've been their boon companion so long; to forego horseback rides, and clubs, and suppers, and settle down into an old, sober pace, steady, meeting going deacon!"

"There's no help for it now!" and so, though his years are still in their youth, the man keeps on in a life which he knows is sin against his God and himself, and every year the old habits gain strength, and bind him closer with their iron grasp, and he gains a new impetus in his downward course, until at last the man's better and nobler part is swept into total ruin.

"No help for it." How much mischief and mistake, how much evil and woe the words cover. How we fall back upon them in excuse for wasted lives, and unimproved opportunities—for neglected duties and for daily sins.

"Cease to do evil, learn to do good," is the solemn injunction of God, and be sure, reader, that no flimsy sophistry will avail with Him who knoweth what is in the heart of man. There is help for any evil in your life, and no soul whom God created, and for whom Christ died, has any right or title to despair.

"No help for it!" Yes, there is, too. Turn

right about, and face the evil with a strong will, and moral purpose, and that great invisible army of angel and seraphim who are appointed to aid you in the conflict betwixt good and evil will be on your side. So will all the forces of truth and right—so will the Eternal Father and God himself, and when each life shall go up to receive for its human living approval or condemnation of Him, it will be of no avail to answer in *that* day, and *that* hour—"No help for it!"

V. F. T.

### AT THE TURNPIKE GATE.

She sees the shadows creeping  
Across the turnpike gray;  
And the golden light is sealing  
The last hour of the day.

Her eyes are like the pansies,  
That in the meadows shine;  
When the young May pours across them  
Her goblets of new wine.

And like a pale seam, stretching  
Betwixt the fields of rye;  
She sees the long road blending  
Its silver with the sky.

She sees the palace gardens,  
The crimson, and the gold;  
Which the open gates of sunset  
Doth in the west unfold.

And at the brown gate watching,  
She sees the lowing kine  
Turn slowly from the meadows,  
And cross the long, white line.

But a sudden smile has hurried  
The yearning from her face,  
And her heart has set completeness  
To all that sweet, shy grace.

For just beside the rye bars,  
A figure tall has past!  
And the young wife's watch is over,  
And the daylight gone at last.

We stand at the brown gate watching,  
And life is that turnpike gray;  
And the promise of God doth blossom  
In the sunset of the day!

And death is the kindly angel,  
That comes when the years are run;  
And the bells of the distant city  
Proclaim that our watch is done! V. F. T.

### "THREE SCORE AND TEN."

It is a very little time to learn all the lessons, and do all the work appointed us. Then there are so many mistakes to rectify—so many knots to disentangle—so many burdens for weak shoulders to bear—so much of physical, intellectual, moral training, required to fit us for the great battle field, where we are to do and to endure our part, that it is no wonder every life goes out with its work half finished, and that the old say, with mournful shakings of the head, and sighs in their voices—"Oh, if I could only live my life over again!"

"Three score and ten!" How they all flashed through the quick loom of time, and how short they

seem to the few who reach the mountain-heights, and look with dim eyes over the pathway they have traveled with seventy years, scattered, alas! with broken hopes and sharp sorrows, and many graves, and brightened, too, blessed be God! with that great Father-love and tenderness which leads the most barren life by so many green banks, through to many fair gardens in the wilderness.

Three score and ten! Dear reader, in these few years are gathered up your life—its good and its evil, and every day is a slice off from it—and take for what remains as your guide, the old Eternal mandate, "Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the *whole duty of man*." V. F. T.

### A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

There's a sweet and touching picture I have treasured in my heart,

Which comes like a gleam of Heaven, when the veil is rent apart;

Come sit by me, little sister, I will paint it out for thee,

What I saw this pleasant morning, as I journeyed thoughtfully

Down the lane, and through the woodlands, underneath the spreading trees;

Twas no rich and gorgeous palace, rearing high its gilded dome,

Sunbeams only, were the diamonds glittering in the poor man's home.

On the floor, no velvet carpets yielded to the tread of feet,

And no rare and costly pictures came the eye of art to greet;

But I paused, entranced with nature, as I softly opened the door,

For a little child sat playing with the sunbeams, on the floor—

Bright, white-shouldered little angel, dimpled cheek and azure eyes,

Rose-bud mouth, so warm and pouting—beauty's self, in purest guise.

Sparkling through the snowy curtains—through a shower of roses red,

Fell the sunbeams, bright and joyous, on the baby's curling head;

And they seemed like gleams of Heaven, passing o'er that brow of pearl,

Tinging cheek with softer radiance, nestling in each sunny curl.

Now the dimpled hands are lifted, trying vainly to efface

The strange, flickering, quivering motion, of the sunbeam on its face;

And the tiny feet are lifted, as she creeps towards the door,

But the sunbeam, mute and pitying, took its station on the floor.

Ah! the darling sees it, loves it, strives the pretty thing to grasp,

Azure eyes look warm, expectant, little hand essays to clasp;

Now from baby's throat there cometh one low crow, exultant, sweet,

Yet, when chubby hand is lifted, still the sunbeam's at its feet.

Then I marked the baby's features—oh! the sadness of her look,

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Like the gleam of dew-stained violets in the shadow of a brook;

Still in vain she strives to grasp it, but it glimmers o'er her hand,

Sparkling through her taper fingers, lingering in the cunning palm.

Now a fixed determination settles on the pearly brow,

Finger tips once more extended—surely, she can grasp it now!

With her cherry lips half parted, still perplexed, she scans it o'er,

Then with quick, delightful impulse, *kissed the sunbeam on the floor*—

Kissing, biting, crowing, grasping—such a fuss as she did keep,

Till at last, o'ermatched and wearied, little Ora fell asleep.

Then I prayed for guardian angels to stand nigh about her there,

Keep the little feet from slipping, keep the heart still pure and fair;

For I knew from sad experience, wandering down life's changing shore,

Many times our hands are grasping, flitting sunbeams on the floor.

BROOKVILLE, IOWA.

### A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.

Our correspondent H. R. C., sends us the following suggestions on the subject of low spirits:—

Many cures for low spirits have been given, the chief of which is, "Set about doing good to somebody." An excellent remedy under some circumstances, but not always available, as *there are* times, when the depressed spirit wants raising up, to be ministered to, instead of ministering.

When there is no deep disturbance, singing some hopeful song has been suggested as a remedy, to calm troubled depths, a fervent uprising of the thoughts in prayer. But the simple and original specific I heard recommended to-day, I suppose, from the nature of it, would be more particularly beneficial to melancholists of the habitually slipshod species. It was this: Dress up in your best clothes, make yourself look as well as possible, and then go out among your friends, or stay at home, according to circumstances; but the mere going out will not serve the purpose, unless the dressing is *au fait*. Therein lies the chief exhilarating power.

Now there may be a virtue in this for some persons. There is a harmony and fitness in being well dressed, that may impart a soothing influence to the spirits, and render them more equable when they are perturbed. It has been said, "a man is not the same fasting and after a full meal, so some persons are not the same dressed up" and in a slouching garb. The effect varies in different persons, according to temperament, character, &c.

Beecher says, "Dress does not make a man, but after a man is made, he looks a good deal better dressed up," so, no doubt most persons feel better. We often hear it said, "How much better such a one looks dressed," when it is not alone that certain colors harmonize better with the complexion—or particular modes set off the shape to greater

advantage—the complexion is in reality more brilliant, the attitude and movements of the body more graceful, the eyes, perhaps, have an additional brightness. Sometimes even the tones of the voice are affected by a becoming dress, are fuller, sweeter, more finely modulated.

This is not always vanity. The person's thoughts may not be on his dress. He does not fancy himself of greater importance because he is well dressed—he (*as* I think, would be the most proper pronoun in this connection, or the most common in view of the effects pointed out,) is unconscious of the transformation undergone, as if he had been inhaling ether.

The influence is due to the harmonizing power of beauty, symmetry and fitness, to which, of course, all natures are not equally susceptible, but these elements in dress are not necessary to produce the effects referred to, though, as I said, the wearer may be altogether unconscious of the mental metamorphoses he has undergone in keeping with that of the outer man, that he is more suave and free, more elegant in manner, that his conversation flows with greater ease, and is more sparkling with wit and vivacity, being well apparelled.

A friend suggests, that being well dressed imparts to some persons a touch-me-not air—a sort of *crou-bar* dignity, but these are exceptions.

#### FROM A BEREAVED MOTHER.

The following, from one of the Home Magazine's correspondents, was not designed for publication—but we give it nevertheless. Such utterances always reach the heart, and stir its better feelings.

"I would gladly enclose some little article, ready for publication, to lighten your unrelenting labor, and to gladden, it might be, some weary spirit, but I am unable to attempt even that at this time. Dear friend and counsellor, the aims and aspirations of my life are suddenly cut short—the world, with all its loveliness, seems wrapt in the shadow of death. Our precious little Ernest, our only darling, noble boy, fell asleep for the last time in my arms on the night of the 14th of January. His illness, which we suppose to have been congestion, first of the brain, and afterwards of the lungs, was very brief, not exceeding thirty-six hours. He was perfectly sensible, patient and loving, to the last. Of just such, I fully believe, is the kingdom of heaven. He is *safe forever* we know, but we hardly know how to live without his love and voice, and all his beautiful looks and ways, yet we love him too well to wish to have him here again.

"Dear sir, I took such care of him—such tender, watchful, undeviating care—reading all your teachings with regard to the little ones with such eager interest, for his sake; but I know now that the keys of life and death are not in our own hands. When our loving Father sees that the treasures He has lent us come between our hearts and Himself, He sometimes, in mercy, both to us and to them, takes

them to His own bosom, that where they are our hearts may follow."

#### HEARTY SUPPERS.

That excellent Magazine, Hall's Journal of Health, which should have the widest circulation, has these remarks on eating hearty in the evening and at night:—

A case was recently stated in this JOURNAL, in which a clergyman rode from breakfast until night, without eating anything. Weary and hungry, he ate a very hearty meal and retired to bed. During the night he was taken ill, fell at once into a stupor, and in that condition died next day. In another instance, under our own observation, a person in as apparent good health as at any time during the fifty years preceding, was attacked with lung-fever, in consequence of hearty eating in the latter part of the afternoon, and died in three days. Usually, late and hearty suppers cause diarrhoea, cholera, cramp-cholic, and similar forms of disease; but in many cases their ill-effects are manifested in ways little suspected; hence they often get off with less than their share of blame. It is useful, therefore, to give some of their more uncommon results; this may lead a few of the wiser sort to adopt from principle, as a wise precaution, the safe, advantageous and rational practice of eating nothing later than the mid-day meal, beyond a piece of cold bread and butter, adding, perhaps, not a glass of cold water, but what is better, a single teacupful of any hot drink. When anything is eaten, extra blood and heat go to the stomach to carry on the work of digestion, and this process ceases the instant the temperature is below nature's standard. An extra meal requires extra digestive power and extra heat; the blood is called in from the outposts, and so is the heat, to assist the stomach in its unusual labor; that leaves the surface, the skin, the feet, the fingers cold. Has the reader never felt chills run over the body in getting up from a hearty meal?

#### GRANDMOTHER GONE.

BY FANNY FALES.

Loosened the silver cord, ended life's to-mo,  
At last she has entered her beautiful home;  
Grandmother's gone!

The chamber is darkened, and silent, and chill,  
The chair in the corner she'll never more fill;  
Grandmother's gone!

From weariness, suffering, sighing and tears,  
Dropping the chrysalis burden of years,  
Grandmother's gone!

No longings for morning, no dreams to affright,  
Where they need not the sun—the Lamb is the light  
Grandmother's gone!

Oh! joys she has tasted no tongue hath o'er told!  
The dear ones who left long ago, will behold  
Grandmother gone.

Then weep not, then grieve not, but jubilant say,  
She has passed the Dark Valley, happy to-day  
Is Grandmother gone.

FALMOUTH, MASS.